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To

Dr. Robert E. Speer.

With kindest regards.

Warren Seymour Archibald.

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HORACE BUSHNELL

by

Warren Seymour Archibald

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To the Memory of

GEORGE ANGIER GORDON

PREACHER AND THEOLOGIAN

who carried on the torch of

Horace Bushnell

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PREFACE

THIS book is written for the men, women and youth of our churches, in the belief that it is wise for us to know our seers, and in the hope that this will lead them to ask where the house of the seer is. There are two excellent and noble biographies of Horace Bushnell. One was written by his daughter, Mary Bushnell Cheney, and published in 1880. This is a golden treasury to which all readers of Bushnell must turn and to which I am indescribably indebted. The other was written by Theodore T. Munger and published in 1889. This gives with wise discrimination and intelligent criticism, the place and power of Horace Bushnell as preacher and theologian. Both books are spacious in their treatment.

I thought, therefore, there was room for another biography; much smaller and designed primarily for the members of our churches and for all people who are interested in vital, personal religion. And I thought, also, this was the time for such a book, partly because the Horace Bushnell Memorial is being built in Hartford, and especially because there is unquestionably at present much confusion in the minds of many concerning real religion and a very great desire to know the religion of the spirit. This book is about a man who belonged to the church of Christ, whose religion was the religion of the spirit, and whose theology was the honest attempt to make an intellectual interpretation of *that spiritual experience. So I hope this book will be in some adequate measure a tract for the times.*

I desire to express my sincere thanks and appreciation to all who have helped me; to Mr. Howell Cheney who has read the manuscript and rendered me invaluable assistance; to Mr. Arthur L. Shipman who has given me wise counsel concerning Bushnell as a citizen; to Mr. W. L. Frothingham who helped in preparing the manuscript; to my friends and fellow ministers in Hartford, Rockwell Harmon Potter and Willis H. Butler, who read these chapters and encouraged me with their judgment; and to my wife, Mary Archibald, for her unfailing inspiration and generous devotion.

I venture to dedicate the book to George A. Gordon, friend and leader, under whom I served and to whom I have always turned as to a master in the house of the interpreter. We had discussed this book together. He had urged me to write. On October 17th, the day before he was stricken, he wrote me a letter generously expressing his anticipation. Now he is gone and oh! the difference to many hearts. To his dear memory I lift up this memorial of a great preacher.

WARREN SEYMOUR ARCHIBALD.

SOUTH CHURCH PARSONAGE
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT
NOVEMBER 1, 1929.

HORACE BUSHNELL

CHAPTER I

HIS BOYHOOD IN LITCHFIELD

1802-1823

LITCHFIELD COUNTY, in western Connecticut, is one of the famous and beautiful regions in New England. High and lifted up among the clouds, it is filled with the glory of the hills. There are the quiet lakes and running brooks; there are the forests and the upland pastures; there are the little valleys that run among the hills. There, too, are the villages and towns, the homes and meeting houses, the stone walls and the farms, memorials of the men and women who were reared and nurtured in these high places. Their character, great in moral values, has given an unfading tradition to these homes. Whether we gaze at some white, serene mansion beside a village street; or a weather beaten farm house far up a mountain slope, braving the winds and living with the stars; or the ruins of a home marked now by the cellar hole and lilac bushes, we know these hills and valleys bred men of high character.

One of the most distinguished of these children of Litchfield and Connecticut was Horace Bushnell; minister in the Church of Christ and prophetic preacher of His Gospel. Horace Bushnell was born April 14, 1802, "in the little village of Bantam, two miles west of Litchfield Hill." He was the first child of Ensign and Dotha Bushnell. In 1805 his father moved to New Preston, a village fourteen miles from Litchfield. Here he cultivated a farm; and in addition to his farming, managed a small mill, which he had built, for carding wool and dressing cloth. Ensign Bushnell's farm and home rested on the southeastern slope of a "broad backed hill which stretches upward and westward to a rounded summit where stands the church."

"No ornamental rockwork is needed to set off the landscape. Nature's rockwork will stand, and the toil that is necessary to clear the soil is just what is requisite to sharpen the vigour of our people. The necessities of a rough country and an intractable soil are good necessities."

On this farm, and in the nurture of these good necessities, Ensign and Dotha Bushnell reared a family of four boys and two girls. "Ignorant of the world, but not of God, they grew undisturbed as flowers do in the wild recesses of a mountain, straight up, and keeping each an aroma all its own." These sons and daughters had the priceless possession of a Christian home. The father was a man of spirit, cheerfulness, pleasant words and pleasant ways, steady and strong in all the vicissitudes of his life. The mother was a woman of unusual patience and wisdom. Her heart rejoiced when she beheld the unfolding talents of her son. She always hoped and prayed he would be a minister of Christ's Gospel. She never surrendered this desire and this dream. Yet, with wisdom, she never attempted to force this yearning upon the decisions of her son, and with patience she waited for its fulfillment during the long discipline of the years. In childhood, mother and son were real companions; he helped her in the home work; and his sunny, loving spirit lightened the labor of the day. Intimacy and companionship with a good mother and father, in a noble Christian home, created the nurture in which he was happily reared. This " Christian nurture " in the home laid the foundation of his character.

When he was five years old he went to the District School. There he had the most vital influence in education: the excellent teacher.

Not material things, but the teacher, is the great essential. He writes with joy and gratitude, in later years, of the teachers who guided his school days. "My enthusiasm, my delight in my teachers, I do not forget and never lost the benefit of." In that eloquent description of the life in Litchfield a hundred years ago, "Age of Homespun," he gives this earnest appreciation of the schools:

"But the schools — we must not pass by these, if we are to form a truthful and sufficient picture of the homespun days. The school master did not exactly go round the district to fit out the children's minds with learning, as the shoemaker often did to fit their feet with shoes, or the tailor to measure and cut for their bodies; but to come as near it as possible, he boarded round (a custom not yet gone by); and the wood for the common fire was supplied in a way equally primitive — viz. by a contribution of loads from the several families according to their several quantities of childhood. The children were all clothed alike in homespun; and the only signs of aristocracy were that some were clean and some a degree less so, some in fine white and striped linen, some in brown tow crash; and in particular, as I remember with a certain feeling of quality I do not like to express, the good fathers of some testified the opinion they had of their children by bringing fine loads of hickory wood to warm them, while some others, I regret to say, brought only scanty, scraggy, ill-looking heaps of green oak, white birch, and hemlock. Indeed about all the bickerings of quality among the children centered in the quality of the wood-pile. There was no complaint, in those days, of the want of ventilation; for the large open fireplace held a considerable fraction of a cord of wood, and the windows took in just enough air to supply the combustion. Besides, the bigger lads were occasionally ventilated by being sent out to cut wood enough to keep the fire in action. The seats were made of the outer slabs from the saw-mill, supported by slant pegs driven into, and a proper distance through, augur holes, and planed smooth on the top by the rather tardy process of friction. But the spelling went on bravely, and we ciphered away again and again, always till we got through Loss and Gain. The more advanced of us, too, made light work of Lindley Murray, and went on to the parsing, finally, of extracts from Shakespeare and Milton, till some of us began to think we had mastered their tough sentences in a more consequential sense of the term than was exactly true. Oh, I remember (about the remotest thing I can remember) that low seat, too high nevertheless, to allow the feet to touch the floor, and that friendly teacher who had the address to start a first feeling of enthusiasm and awaken the first sense of power. He is living still; and whenever I think of him, he rises up to me in the far background of memory as bright as if he had worn the seven stars in his hair. (I said he is living: yes, he is here today, God bless him!). How many others of you that are here assembled recall these little primitive universities of homespun, where your mind was born, with a similar feeling of reverence and homely satisfaction! Perhaps you remember, too, with a pleasure not less genuine that you received the classic discipline of the university proper under a dress of homespun, to be graduated, at the close, in the joint honors of broad cloth and the parchment."

This boyhood which he describes with humor and tenderness, in school and home, was a happy boyhood. Some people are prone to think that those days of simplicity were days of severity. There is nothing suggestive of gloom in the Puritan boyhood of Horace Bushnell. There was plenty of work, and there was plenty of play. There was the hay field to work in; there were the lakes and the brooks to fish in. There was the little carding mill to work in; but it was play to take that machinery apart, and to put it all together again as he did one summer. There was a stone wall to be made and a dam to be built; but this work was play; and years after he was to take his children and grandchildren and show them with pride and pure delight, the stones his hands had carried and carefully fitted together into a wall true and plumb. And out of this work and play of a Puritan boyhood in the Litchfield hills he was to harvest in his mature manhood his ripe philosophy of work and play.

When he was six years old he was taken on a journey with his father and mother to Vermont, to visit his grandparents. This was a long pilgrimage in 1808. And it left a vivid impression on the small boy's mind. He never forgot that expedition in their own wagon; the strange hills and valleys, the new towns and villages, the unfolding road. And above all he remembered always his grandmother: her original and singular character, her interesting experiences in religion.

From all parts of his boyhood he drew forth happy memorials. He remembered the old gray boulder, in the pasture back of the house, where he used to watch the sun rise and where he also went at times secretly to pray. He remembered the songs of the birds in the morning and the evening; and the deep silences of day and night; and all the fragrances of spring blossoms, and summer flowers, and autumn leaves; when lilacs bloom, when roses come, when stone walls are covered with wild grapes. Those days, he said, were days of " victorious health, sound digestion, peaceful sleep, and youthful spirits, buoyant as the wing of a bird and fresh as its morning song."

He was a ruddy cheeked boy; healthy, strong, and able to do his bit in work and play. He was peaceable and likeable, but he could fight when necessary in the school yard. And he did fight in order to maintain his liberty and independence. But he was not bellicose; he was genial, friendly, "a highly happy temperament." He was not precocious in school, but he could under the impetus of ambition work hard and effectively in his studies.

In the winters he went to school: in the summers he worked on his father's farm, and in the mill, which his father owned, where they finished cloth and carded wool. From the age of fourteen to nineteen, he worked in the mill every summer. In that first summer when he was fourteen "having entire charge of the carding machine in a separate building, where he worked alone, and finding the machine out of order, he took it entirely apart, repaired, improved, and reconstructed it." And that sounds very much like what he did later with theology.

In 1817, when he was fifteen, he went to the High School in Warren; and in 1818, at the age of sixteen, he entered "a classical school, just opened on New Preston Hill, where he began the study of Latin." Between the ages of sixteen and seventeen he had reached practically a man's stature, and was able to do a man's work. He was a healthy, muscular boy; natural, human, fond of jokes and games, debates and wrestling, ploughing and fishing, school books and carding machines, work and play.

Naturally and as a part of his upbringing he entered into the membership of the Congregational Church when he was nineteen. This important decision, so profoundly important in the direction of his life, was the natural result of the Chistian nurture he had received in the home under the silent influence of his mother and father, and in the felicity of a family where religion was lived. In a paper dated March 3, 1822 we find this statement:

"A year since the Lord, in His tender mercy, led me to Jesus. Four months since, in the presence of God and angels and men, I vowed to be the Lord's in an everlasting covenant never to be broken. But alas, alas, O my God! how often in the past year, or even in the last four months, have I dishonored Thy cause and lost sight of my Redeemer! If I should never sin again, it would not atone for what is past. What can I do? Lord, here I am a sinner. Take me. Take all that I have and shall have; all that I am and shall be; and do with me as seemeth good. If Thou hast anything for me to do; if Thou hast anything for me to suffer in the cause of that Saviour on whom I rest my all, I am ready to labour, to suffer, or to die. I am ready to do anything or be anything for Thee."

In that same year when he wrote these solemn words and joined the church, he began to long for a college education. He received help from a young lawyer who had just graduated from Yale. He was directed and assisted in his preparation by the minister in Watertown. But for the most part, he studied alone, and by his own efforts prepared himself for college. In the early summer of 1823, when he was twenty-one, he went to New Haven, took the examinations, and was admitted to Yale. He came back to New Preston and worked all summer on the farm. For recreation, he built "a stone dam above his father's mill." He was always fond of stone masonry, "because it demands good planning and a quick eye for corresponding surfaces."

Such a stone wall was an appropriate symbol of this boyhood in the Litchfield hills. He had laid a good foundation, in physical strength, in moral character, in mental discipline, in spiritual understanding. Those hills and valleys, that father and mother, had been beneficent teachers. Now at the age of twenty-one, mature and strong, as a young man about to run a race, he was leaving these happy and blessed scenes for college. That Christian nurture he never failed to appreciate:

"It was the society not of the Nominalists, but of the Realists; society in or after work; spontaneously gathered, for the most part, in terms of elective affinity; foot excursions of young people, or excursions on horseback, after the haying, to the tops of the neighboring mountains; boatings on the river or the lake by moonlight, filling the wooded shores and the recesses of the hills with lively echoes; evening schools of sacred music, in which the music is not so much sacred as preparing to be; evening circles of young people, falling together, as they imagine, by accident, round some village queen of song, and chasing the time away in ballads and glees so much faster than they wish that just such an accident is like to happen soon; neighbors called in to meet the minister and talk of both worlds together, and, if he is limber enough to suffer it, in such happy mixture that both are melted into one.

But most of all to be remembered are those friendly circles gathered so often round the winter's fire — not the stove, but the fire — the brightly blazing, hospitable fire. In the early dusk, the home circle is drawn more closely and quietly round it; but a good neighbor and his wife drop in shortly from over the way and the circle begins to spread. Next a few young folk from the other end of the village, entering in brisker mood, find as many more chairs, set in as wedges into the periphery, to receive them also. And then a friendly sleighful of old and young, that have come down from the hill to spend an hour or two, spread the circle again, moving it still further back from the fire; and the fire blazes just as much higher and more brightly, having a new stick added for every guest. There is no restraint, certainly no affectation of style. They tell stories, they laugh, they sing. They are serious and gay by turns; or the young folks go on with some play, while the fathers and mothers are discussing some hard point of theology in the minister's last sermon; or perhaps the great danger coming to sound morals from the multiplication of turnpikes and newspapers! Meantime the good housewife brings out her choice stock of home grown exotics, gathered from three realms: doughnuts from the pantry, hickory-nuts from the chamber, and the nicest, smoothest apples from the cellar; all which including, I suppose I must add, the rather unpoetic beverage that gave its acid smack to the ancient hospitality, are discussed as freely with no fear of consequences. And then as the tall clock in the corner of the room ticks on majestically toward nine, the conversation takes, it may be, a little more serious turn, and it is suggested that a very happy evening may fitly be ended with a prayer. Whereupon the circle breaks up with a reverent congratulative look on every face, which is itself the truest language of a social nature blessed in human fellowship."

This was the preparatory school of Horace Bushnell. In such scenes as these he was prepared for Yale college. Perhaps there never was a better preparatory school than the life of that home; the work and play on the farm and in the mill; the strength of the hills, the music of the brooks that run among the hills; the silences of winter nights and the singing hours of the summer days; the spiritual exaltations and moral disciplines of church and home; the intellectual development in plain school houses under great teachers. All these prepared the boy for college.

CHAPTER II

YALE COLLEGE

1823-1833

HORACE BUSHNELL entered Yale College in 1823, with the class of 1827, a full grown man, twenty-one years old; unusually mature, especially for those days when many of his classmates were boys, fifteen years old. He was remarkably robust. He had a strong, wiry frame; a ruddy complexion and gray eyes. His head, large and handsome, was covered with masses of black hair. He came to college with "sound health, a clear conscience, strong home affections, and pure tastes."

Into the life of the College he entered with high resolution. He had come there to work. He appreciated the value of the college education which now was his great opportunity. One of his classmates, who was then in a group of idlers, asked Bushnell if he could room with him. "Yes," he said, "but I have come here to work, and if you room with me, you must cut loose from these idle fellows and go to work too."

During his college days he was registered from Washington, Connecticut. In his Freshman year he lived in 34 South Middle; in his Sophomore and Junior years in 65 North Middle; and in his Senior year in 111 North. There is this significant record: "On March 7, 1824, Horace Bushnell was admitted to regular Communion in the Church of Christ in Yale College."

Among all the men in the College he moved, a most genial, friendly, likeable man. He made an impression of strength, ability, and confidence. We can see him through the vista of the years, walking swiftly from his room in the old brick row to classes and to Chapel; wearing his homespun with a cheerful pride; and tossing back his hair as he brought his independent mind into the action of debate. He was a leader in his class, in the studies and in the simple games of those days. One of his keenest delights was music. He joined the College choir. He helped organize the Beethoven Society, wrote its constitution, and served as one of its officers. He himself spoke modestly of the days when he lived in the third story back, North College, North Entry, northwest corner. "My figure in college was not as good as it should have been; especially at first; grew better; and came out well; but my religious character ran down."

By that last phrase he means that the enthusiasm, the high and pure spirit, the fire and the flame, which baptized him later and remained with him all his days, and which had visited his boyhood hours in the Litchfield hills, had in a measure departed from him, and that his ways had fallen into what he called a cold and prudential character.

The testimony of his room-mate — and a room-mate can usually be depended on for discriminating judgment — indicates his real character: "I never knew him to exhibit ill-temper. He was always kind, always cheerful."

Much of that character, kind, cheerful, strong and independent, is revealed in the famous rebellion over Conic Sections. American colleges, like Yale and Harvard, a hundred years ago, were every now and then, the scenes of student rebellions. Such revolutions seemed to have furnished the undergraduate in those restricted days with the opportunity for self-expression, which now finds a more domestic utterance in print and playing-field. The class of 1827 in their study of Conic Sections were given permission to omit the corollaries with the understanding that they would not be questioned on them in the examinations. However, when they came face to face with the examination, there, to the amazement and indignation of "'27," they were questioned on the corollaries. The class rose in rebellion and Bushnell was one of the rebels. Later in life he confessed that he thought college rebellions "a boyish method of redress," and yet he always felt that in this particular experience there was a clear case of injustice. One of his classmates writes of the rebellion:

"Our class had a rebellion over Conic Sections and all but about thirteen were sent home by a slow decimation of a few a week. I had been drawn out of the ranks of the rebels by my father's authority. But the ostracism I endured through those sad days was not worse than the dying by inches of men of character like Bushnell, waiting their turn for execution. One day, when passing South Entry, North Middle, lower floor, front side, corner room, a voice thrilled me: 'Mac, come in here.' It was Bushnell's. As I went in, his wan face stamped itself on me for life. He said, 'Mac, I have to say to you that you have done your duty to your father in backing out. Do not mind what the fellows say. I am in for it, and I shall go through. But you have done right. Hold your head up.' He was just the man that could not have failed to do his own heart as much good as he did mine by that act. How the boy did thank the man for that word! There was not another than Horace Bushnell that could have said it."

In order to understand even in some measure such an undergraduate revolution, we must understand the relations which prevailed between the faculty and the students. They were decidedly formal, strict, and governmental. Here is the letter written by President Day in 1825, to the parents of the rebels. It is difficult to imagine such a letter today, or such conditions which the letter reflects:

"I am under the disagreeable necessity of informing you, that your son by direct disobedience of the order of the College government, and by his declaring his intention of persisting in such disobedience, having thus, by his own act, cut himself off from all college privileges, is indefinitely suspended.

"The subject has been again and again explained to them. They have been assured that they misunderstood the first direction. But all to no purpose. A part of the class, and your son among them, persists in refusing to recite. He admits he knows he is acting against the College government, that he acts understandingly, and is resolved to persevere in his disobedience; and this, notwithstanding that, at his matriculation he put his name to a promise, pledging his faith and honor to observe all the laws and regulations of the College; one of which laws makes it criminal to enter into any combination or agreement to forbear compliance with any injunction from lawful authority.

"His defense is understood to be that he considers his obligations to the class as superior to any obligation to obey the laws under which he is placed; and that he considers the government of the College as having given a pledge to the student, that the corollaries in question should never be recited. As to the first ground of defense, no remarks are necessary. As to the second, you may be assured, Sir, no such pledge was ever given or thought of. Our laws leave the assignment of the studies wholly with the government, and no compacts are ever made with the students respecting them."

When these academic revolutionaries surrendered they were obliged to sign the following statement:

"We the undersigned having been led into a course of opposition to the government of Yale College, do acknowledge our fault in this resistance and promise on being restored to our standing in the class to yield a faithful obedience to the Laws."

The disciplinary records of the College bear witness to such surrenders on the part of individuals and groups. The following confession is an instance:

"To the Faculty of Yale.

"Gentlemen:

I procured victuals at Francis' 'Eating House' on Monday evening of last week; after this went to the Tontine; was after 10 o'clock in the streets, where improper noise was made, and was present at the contest between the constable and other persons; all which I admit was against the laws of College and improper in itself. I hope, however, that the Faculty, in consideration, that I had formed no deliberate design to transgress, and especially as this is the first occasion of the kind, on which I have been called before them, will pass over this fault, as it is my determination to be concerned hereafter in no such irregularities, tumults, or broils."

These letters help us to understand the relations which existed a century ago in our colleges between the students and the government body. They enable us to appreciate better the famous Conic Sections Rebellion, and the undergraduate criminal experience of Horace Bushnell.

Though we do not have such revolutions in our colleges today, we do have agitations regarding dining rooms and gymnasiums. There is a very modern tone in two petitions to which Bushnell's name is added as a member of a representative committee of his class. One humbly and respectfully asks for a gymnasium "so arranged as to afford them an opportunity of exercise in any weather and at all seasons of the year." The other no less humbly and respectfully complains that the College Baker is "a confessed drunkard, a dirty man, and a miserable baker." They request "such a reform as the facts relative to it may suggest."

This revolution gave him at any rate his opportunity to find himself as a public speaker. Forced to speak to his classmates, on a subject so vital and personal, he discovered that he could put his ideas into clear and forcible words. He wrote on current political questions: "The Missouri Compromise"; "Ought the President of the United States To Be Chosen Directly By the People?"; "Ought a Court, In Its Decisions, To

Regard the Former Character of a Criminal?" His themes were not on theological or metaphysical subjects. It is interesting to note in the light of his work on Christian Nurture that one theme is on "Home" and one on "Dancing." It is significant, too, that he liked Science, especially Chemistry, Geology, and Astronomy.

At the beginning of his Freshman year he was elected a member of Brothers' Society. In his Sophomore year he was a member of the "Excusing Committee." He and Henry Durant are appointed to "dispute" on the question: "The comparative advantages possessed by the ancients and moderns for the cultivation of poetry." He was elected Secretary and later President of the Society. The records show that he wrote a play entitled: "Philip, or the Jealous King. A Tragedy in Four Acts by Horace Bushnell."

Of course, athletics in the days of the class of 1827 in Yale were very simple and plain. Can we even call them athletics? Yet such as they were they provided an activity in which Horace Bushnell took the lead. We read of his skill and agility with the "turning bar" and the "discus"; and his years, and the strength wrought out by labor in winter and summer, on the farm, gave him a natural leadership among those younger boys. That influence was expressed in his election as "College Bully": a position and title given to the undergraduate who in physical strength and personality was the natural leader among the students. "Bully Bush" was the happy and honorable name given him by his classmates.

When he returned in vacations to that farm in the Litchfield hills, he was the object of admiration to his younger brothers. The youngest, who later wore the larger name of Rev. George Bushnell, writes of his brother, home from Yale College, "His college vacations when he was a man full grown and I a boy of six or eight years —those vacations made an era in my young life, and not much less significance had they in the eyes of all the family." That significance was the impression of strength, and manliness, and cheerfulness, and high spirits. Here was a big brother who could lead in singing, who delighted in fishing, who enjoyed the day's work, who brought laughter and merriment into the family.

"A gentleman (I think he was a clergyman) dined with the family one day when my brother was at home. It was during the prevalence of the cholera. The whole party was very sober, and this gentleman, in particular, ate not so much with gladness and thankfulness, as with exceeding daintiness and apprehensiveness of death in the pot. Succotash was one of the dishes which he refused, and rather cautioned the family against. My brother was, if possible, more jubilant than usual and especially devoted to his favorite succotash, to the horror, at last, of the visiting brother who had much to say of the wisdom of a spare diet, and of eating only such things as we were sure would agree with us. 'No, sir,' said my brother, 'if a thing disagrees with you eat it again. That is my rule. It has to agree with me, not I with it; otherwise my appetite would get to be as vicious as old Pomp.' " Such spirits reveal a college boy, human, natural, and not very different from the college boys we know today.

One can easily imagine him taking that younger brother, "six or eight years old," fishing. For he always loved this sport. As a college boy in those vacations in Litchfield days, and as a man in later years in the Adirondacks, he heartily enjoyed the fishing in the lakes and brooks. He knew all the streams and ponds about his father's farm. He made the rods, for himself, and for that younger brother. Only the best birch that could be found, was used. These were carefully peeled and put under a shelter to season. With such homemade material, the boys in the homespun era, fished the brooks and lakes; and in those days there were fish.

When vacation days were over he returned to his "work" in Yale College. Yale in 1823-1827 was a very different institution from what it is today. Jeremiah Day whose term lasted from 1817 to 1846, was President. The income from invested funds was only $2,300. The total expenses of the whole college were $15,474. In 1822, in an appeal to the Legislature for aid, the College stated that they had more students than any other American college, that their capital amounted to $50,000 and that they had a debt of $11,000 incurred in the erection of North College in 1821. This building was then the finest dormitory in the College and was used exclusively for Seniors. "Old Chapel" was built at a cost of $12,000. The College met for prayers at 5:00 a. m. in the summer, and at 6:00 a. m. in the winter. Morning recitations, for all except Seniors, were held before breakfast. Evening prayers were at 5 o'clock in the summer, and at 6 o'clock in the winter. Those were heroic hours for heroic men!

New Haven had then a population of 9,000. West of the College there were only two streets, and beyond them were pastures. Students bought wood from a wood yard near South College. All the men lived in Spartan simplicity. One student was reported as having a carpet and wall paper in his room. Professor Silliman, who came to investigate this Sybarite, remarked: "All this love of externals, young man, argues indifference to the more necessary furniture of your brain which is your spiritual business here."

Among Horace Bushnell's classmates in "the illustrious class of 1827" were Rev. William Adams, President of the Union Theological Seminary; Nathaniel P. Willis; William H. Welch, Chief Judge of the Supreme Court of Minnesota Territory; Henry P. Edwards; Henry Hageboom; George Gould, on the Supreme Bench, New York; Rev. Henry Durant, President of the University of California; William W. Hudson, President of the University of Missouri.

When Horace Bushnell graduated with these men from Yale, he turned his attention first to school teaching. He began in September to teach in Norwich. This work was not congenial, and he left in February, 1828, to accept the position of editor on the New York Journal of Commerce. At the end of ten months, of happy, but more severe labor, on this paper, he returned to Yale to study law. He planned at this time to be a lawyer, to practice and live in the West, and to enter politics.

After half a year in the study of law, while at home in the summer vacation, he received an invitation from President Day to serve as a Tutor in the College. So decided was he in his purpose to be a lawyer and to migrate to the West, that at first he dismissed the invitation immediately. But his mother felt he had not given the appointment worthy and serious consideration. She urged him to reconsider. She was concerned for his future. She had always secretly hoped and prayed he would enter the ministry; and though she had never made the mistake of trying to talk her son into religion or the ministry, yet her unspoken desires and effectual prayers had a great influence. He says in his remarkable autobiographical sketch: "As I was going out of the door, putting the wafer in my letter, I encountered my mother and told her what I was doing. Remonstrating now very gently, but seriously, she told me that she could not think I was doing my duty: 'you have settled the question without any consideration at all that I have seen. Now let me ask it of you to suspend your decision till you have at least put your mind to it. This you certainly ought to do, and my opinion still further is'— she was not apt to make her decision heavy in this manner —'that you had best accept the place.' "

In this crisis and in similar situations which prove to be the turning points in his life, he acknowledges his sole indebtedness to his mother; and especially to "the very remarkable something hidden in her character. She never nagged, usually she 'just said nothing.' She was 'sure and silent as the heavens. But when she did speak, she spoke straight to the mark.' " On her advice he accepted the position, and returned to Yale to continue his studies in law and to assume his duties as Tutor.

In this position he became very successful. In popularity he was ranked next to President Day. He acquired a reputation as an independent and forceful writer and speaker. He finished his work as a law student in 1831, and having passed his bar examinations was ready to be admitted to that profession. At this time a religious revival was profoundly moving the religious life at Yale. For a long time the handsome, vigorous, independent young Tutor held aloof. But all the time he was thinking, and pondering on all these things in his heart. At last he came out before the College, in open confession that he also had been stirred to the depths. That spiritual crisis in feeling and in thought is one of the great hours in the life of Horace Bushnell. It made him decide to abandon the law and adopt the ministry as his profession.

Behind this mystical experience was deep feeling and serious thinking. All the Christian nurture of those years in the home in the Litchfield hills had established the affections which entered now into their sovereignty in his character. He was now a passionate lover of God. With this deep feeling went hand in hand most serious thinking. One of the important and revealing confessions made by Horace Bushnell regarding his life in Yale, in general, and this experience in particular, is the statement that the one book which most of all influenced his thinking was Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection." Here is one of the most significant books of the century laying its hand on the shoulder of one of the most significant men of that time. That devotion to Coleridge was never diminished or brought low in all the years that were to follow. Coleridge was the one leader in English literature who received his unquestioning loyalty. This poet, who was distinctly the man of imagination all compact, was the intellectual companion of the preacher whose gospel was to be a gift for the imagination. Such thinking as this book inspired, and such deep affections as this college movement stirred, led Horace Bushnell into the ministry of the Church of Christ.

Years afterwards he described this critical experience in the sermon "The Dissolving of Doubts," preached in Yale College Chapel. "There is a story," he says, "lodged in the little bed room of one of these dormitories, which, I pray God, His recording angel may note, allowing it never to be lost." He describes the college boy, "pacing his chamber," and asking himself these questions: "Is there, then, no truth I do believe? Yes, there is this one now that I think of it, there is a distinction of right and wrong that I never doubted, and I see not how I can; I am even quite sure of it." Then forthwith starts up the question: "Have I, then, ever taken the principle of right for my law? I have done right things as men speak, have I ever thrown out my life on the principle to become all it requires of me? No, I have not, consciously I have not. Ah! then here is something for me to do! No matter what becomes of my questions — nothing ought to become of them, if I cannot take a first principle so inevitably true and live in it." The very suggestion seems to be a kind of revelation; it is even a relief to feel the conviction it brings. "Here then," he says, "will I begin. If there is a God, as I rather hope there is, and very dimly believe, He is a right God. If I have lost Him in wrong, perhaps I shall find Him in right. Will He not help me, or perchance even be discovered to me?" Now the decisive moment is come. He drops on his knees, and there he prays to the dim God, dimly felt, confessing the dimness for honesty's sake, and asking for help that he may begin a right life. He bows himself on it as he prays, choosing it to be henceforth, his unalterable, eternal endeavor."

"It is an awfully dark prayer, in the look of it, but the truest and best he can make — the better and more true that he puts no orthodox colors on it; and the prayer and the vow are so profoundly meant that his soul is borne up into God's help, as it were by some unseen chariot, and permitted to see the opening of heaven even sooner than he opens his eyes. He rises and it is as if he had gotten wings. The whole sky is luminous about him,— it is the morning, as it were, of a new eternity. After this, all troublesome doubt of God's reality is gone for he has found HIM! A being so profoundly felt must inevitable be."

This sermon closes with six points, which, says Dr. Munger, "indicate the path along which he traveled at this time for years after:

"Be never afraid of doubt.

"Be afraid of all sophistries, and tricks, and strifes of disingenuous argument.

"Have it a fixed principle, also, that getting into any scornful way is fatal.

"Never settle upon anything as true because it is safer to hold it than not.

"Have it as a law never to put force on the mind, or try to make it believe.

"Never be in a hurry to believe; never try to conquer doubts against time."

Through this mystical experience, so "profoundly felt," so sincerely reasoned, he moved at once, obedient to his heavenly vision, into the studies of the Divinity School in Yale. He finished his work in that school in 1833, and in that year received his call to be minister of the North Church, Congregational, in Hartford.

The Christian nurture of thirty-one years in home and college was now entering into its rich harvest. That nurture in the home had quietly and gently descended upon him, as the dew gathers on green fields and high pastures. That nurture and admonition of the Lord, had fallen on his mind and heart in college, like a fire from heaven. To the baptism of water had now been added the baptism of fire; to the power of the unconscious influence which had girded the growing child, was now added the power of the conscious message of the growing man.

CHAPTER III

THE MINISTRY IN HARTFORD:

THE FIRST YEARS

1833-1845

HORACE BUSHNELL was ordained to the Christian Ministry, and installed as minister of the North Church in Hartford, May twenty-second, 1833. He came to the church in February, and after preaching for six Sundays, was unanimously called. He speaks with a keen sense of humor of his first Sunday, and the struggle, at that time prevailing, between the "Old School" and the "New School."

"I arrived here late in the afternoon in a furious snowstorm, after floundering all day in the heavy drifts the storm was raising among the hills between here and Litchfield. I went, as invited, directly to the house of the chairman of the Committee; but I had scarcely warmed me, and not at all relieved the hunger of my fast, when he came in and told me that arrangements had been made for me with one of the fathers of the Church, and immediately sent me off with my baggage to the quarters assigned. Of course, I had no complaint to make, though the fire seemed very inviting and the house attractive; but when I came to know the hospitality of my friend, as I had abundant opportunity of knowing it afterwards, it became somewhat of a mystery to me that I should have been dispatched in this rather summary fashion. But it came out, three or four years after, that, as there were two parties strongly marked in the Church, an Old and a New School party, as related to the New Haven controversy, the committee had made up their mind, very prudently, that it would not do for me to stay even for an hour with the New School brother of the committee; and for this reason they had made interest with the elder brother referred to, because he was a man of the school singly of Jesus Christ. And here, under cover of his good hospitality, I was put in hospital and kept away from the infected districts preparatory to a settlement in the North Church of Hartford. I mention this fact to show the very delicate condition prepared for the young pastor, who is to be thus daintily inserted between an acid and an alkali, having it for his task both to keep them apart and to save himself from being bitten of one or devoured by the other."

In spite of the "Old School" and the "New School," which only Barrie could describe, he was unanimously called to the Church. That unanimity prevailed all through his pastorate. The North Church in Hartford was the only church of which Horace Bushnell was minister. He served them all the active days of his ministry; and the relation subsisting between him and his church was of unusual felicity. He was not a hireling shepherd; and they were not an indifferent flock. On the contrary he brought to their service a high ideal of the ministry; and they, for their part, presented an ideal, no less exalted, in church devotion and loyalty. And so serving and being served, blessing and being blessed, loving and being loved, they established a union, able to prevail against the shocks of controversy and the rub of time.

Into this happy relationship there entered in September of that year, 1833, one who was to strengthen in every sense the pastorate of Horace Bushnell in the North Church. On September 13th, he married in New Haven, Mary Apthorp. She was in all reality a helpmeet. She was the builder together with him of the home, which was to be in practice, what he declared in preaching, the scene of Christian nurture. She was a shelter in the time of storm, when sickness or when heresy trials threatened. She was his spiritual companion who entered through sympathy and understanding into those high moments when he discovered, or had discovered to him, new aspects of truth. His daughter, Mary Bushnell Cheney, wrote: "The marriage of Horace Bushnell and Mary Apthorp was one which comprehended, in the thoughts and wishes of both, the highest objects and pursuits of the future, and was so compacted by the unity of their joint purpose as to reinforce greatly the effectiveness of his work."

She was a fellow worker with him in the parish. Mrs. Cheney says: "It became a custom with him and Mrs. Bushnell to make the annual visitation together in the pleasant days of autumn, sometimes walking, or sometimes driving into the country to the more distant homes. And she herself said in happy retrospection: 'those bright October days still spread their soft haze on the background, where are pictured the bright faces and cheerful welcomes that have long ago faded from earthly recognition.' "

The young minister and his wife moved in

December into their new home, which he had planned and built, on Ann Street. The house was "a simple, square, two-story building, with a small green yard, graced by a noble oak in the rear. In the spring, it was a positive pleasure to the minister, with his farming habits, after a winter in the study, to find himself out-of-doors digging in his little garden or grading the door yard."

With this home is associated one of those practical experiences in wise consideration of youth which gave so firm a foundation to the principles appearing later in his book on Christian Nurture. A young girl was asked, says Mrs. Cheney, to spend, "an evening with the minister and his wife in their new home. She was a girl of fine intelligence and character, but not at that time religious. When, therefore, she was invited to tea by Mrs. Bushnell, she accepted with considerable misgivings lest the evening should be made the occasion of such exhortations as were then too commonly the only subject of ministerial intercourse with 'the unconverted.' To her great relief, however, the time was spent in the pleasantest social intercourse, free from all remarks of a personal nature. Mr. Bushnell of course saw her safely home when the evening was over, and as the night was one of brilliant star light, the talk on the way was naturally on astronomy, and of the law abiding order of the Universe. He spoke eloquently of the great harmony of the spheres, and of the perfect manner in which each little star fulfilled its destiny and swung in the divine order of its orbit. 'Sarah,' he said, turning to her with a winning smile, 'I want to see you in *your* place.' No other word turned the suggestion into a homily, and her quick intelligence was thrilled and won by a thought which seemed in that quiet hour, to have dropped upon her from the skies. He had simply let the occasion speak its own thought."

This gentle wisdom was characteristic of the ministry which now began to move from the home on Ann Street and the North Church, through the Hartford of 1833.

The meeting house of the North Church stood at the corner of Main Street and Morgan Street. The walls of the building still, (1929) to some extent, remain; though they have been largely absorbed into the fabric of a business block. The North Church was organized in 1824; so that it was only a young church, nine years old, when Horace Bushnell came, as the third minister in 1833. Speaking to his congregation on May 22, 1853, on his twentieth anniversary, he describes the growth of the church in twenty years:

"Then you were barely able to sustain your position; now you are strong, both in numbers and unity; and somewhat stronger, also, as I hope, in the gifts of grace and Christian piety."

He reports that during these twenty years, he had received into the membership of the church 791 men and women. That is a very large number compared with the population of the City, and indicates the growth of the Church and the strength of his pastorate. There were 449 baptisms. Even those days, which appear to us so serenely static, were notable for movements, migrations and dislodgements. He states in that same sermon of 1853:

"Still it is remarkable that while our general advance is plain, there have yet been losing changes enough to forbid, as it would seem any advance at all. I have recommended members enough to the churches of New York and Brooklyn alone to make a respectable congregation."

The Hartford of 1833 and the years which constituted the ministry of Horace Bushnell, was small compared with the Hartford of 1930. The population in 1830 was 9,789; in 1840, 12,293. Gardner's City Directory for 1839 is a Lilliputian booklet compared with the Brobdignagian directories of our day; it is a little book 5 x 3, containing 71 pages; of these, only 39 pages contain the names of listed individuals and business concerns. On page 14 appears the line: "Bushnell, Horace, pastor North Congregational Church, h. 36 Ann Street." A picture of Hartford, drawn by J. W. Barber, engraved by A. Willard, in 1838, shows the City from the eastern bank of the Connecticut River. The river is still preeminent in the portrait and the existence of the town. There is the old, wooden, covered bridge; there are the sails of sloops and schooners; and there in the foreground is a side-wheeled steamer, prophetic of the age of steam, which was to change and control so profoundly the character of the nineteenth century. Hartford, the "head of sloop navigation," on the Connecticut River, was in 1833, still living for the most part in the world of sail and stage coach. In 1839 one travelled from Hartford to Boston by means of a combination of stage and railroad. You left Hartford at four o'clock in the morning by stage and rode, up hill and down dale, to Worcester. There you took the train and arrived in Boston at six o'clock in the evening. A journey of fourteen hours! Now you travel from Hartford to Boston in the train in three hours; you can run swiftly over the roads in an automobile; and you can mount up, as with wings, in an aeroplane, and fly from one capital to the other at an indeterminate rate. The little directory of 1839 reflects the economic proportions of the City's life. There you read:

"Ætna Insurance Company, Hartford, capital 200,000 dollars, insures against loss and damage by fire, on favorable terms. Office kept in Ætna Building, No. 58 State Street.'

There you read, indicative of the days when Hartford was a center in the publishing business:

"Brown & Parsons
Publishers, Booksellers, and Stationers
20 State Street."

In those days Hartford was publishing millions of Gallaudet, Hooker, and Webster spelling books; and "Peter Parley" was a well-known name. When Horace Bushnell bought books he probably went to "Belknap & Hamersley's Store, No. 6 State Street, Exchange Buildings." The Hartford of 1833 was small in numbers.

But the book of numbers has never been the most important book in the scriptures of a community. The genesis of this city was great in character and intellect, and that same combination of moral worth and brains, made the city of 1833 large in its influence, and rich as a soil in which a young minister could plant his life. It was the parable of the good seed falling on good ground, and bringing forth a harvest of a hundred fold.

Into the life of the Hartford of 1833 the young minister entered with earnest sincerity. Much of his time was taken in preparing the two sermons for Sunday. Even in those first two or three years he began to show his quality and promise as a preacher. Years later when he published in 1858 his volume of sermons entitled "Sermons for the New Life," he included a sermon written in the very first year of his ministry: "Living to God in Small Things."

His first publication, a sermon printed in 1835, entitled "Crisis of the Church," expressed his judgment on the slavery question. In the great debate, Bushnell, although not an abolitionist, took the side of anti-slavery. It is significant that the first printed word of the man was a brave word for freedom.

His first article was published in 1836, and entitled "Revivals of Religion"; this was included, eleven years later, in the famous book "Christian Nurture." Here again we must note that this first article was prophetic. The voice he heard at prime was also the voice he heard at even. Speaking brave words for independence and freedom; "passing into the vein of comprehensiveness"; protesting against "the machinery system of revivals"; he was occupying already those spiritual positions which were to be prevailing characteristics of his life. He objects to the "artificial fireworks" and the "extraordinary, combined jump and stir." He stands on the thesis that religion must develop naturally, and these revivals are unnatural. He steadfastly believes that the work of a parish minister should not be a dull, common routine illuminated by flashes of revivals, but a living, life-giving, inventive, and resourceful ministry.

These first years in Hartford, contained both sorrow and joy. In 1837 the home at 36 Ann Street lost the dear daughter, Lilly; not long after, the same home welcomed the birth of his first and only son. Behind all his sermons and his essays was the real, rich, indescribably precious humanity of the home. In that same year he gave at Yale his Phi Beta Kappa address entitled: "The True Wealth and Weal of Nations," and later published in "Work and Play." In 1839, he gave the address: "Revelation," before the Society of Inquiry in Andover Theological Seminary. Through a confusion in dates he was forced to prepare that essay at the last moment. His strength is shown by the fact that he wrote all day, jumped into the stage while the ink was still wet on his manuscript, rode "all night" to Worcester, all the "next forenoon," to Andover, arrived there at noon, and immediately after dinner delivered the address. That same year, 1839, saw the beginning of tuberculosis, the disease which was to handicap him all the rest of his days.

In spite of this handicap, very light to be sure during these opening years of his ministry, he worked with energy and determination. In 1840 he received and declined a call to be President of Middlebury College. In the spring, summer, and autumn of that year, he was busy constructing another home of his own planning and building, on a street, then unopened and which he himself christened "Winthrop Street." This site was considered far off in the fields. The house had a fine view of the Connecticut River and valley, and from his study window he could look eastward to the Bolton hills. Here he had the garden in which he loved to work before breakfast; here were the trees innumerable which he planted; and here the family lived in the Christian nurture which he practiced as well as preached. Sorrow came to this house as to the home on Ann Street, for in 1842, his only son, "a lovely child," died. This was a heavy blow. The manner of fortitude and faith in which he met this grief influenced his whole life and character. "I have learned more of experimental religion since my little boy died than in all my life before." The home on Winthrop Street and the North Church saw a man beating his intellectual way through experience and vision, sorrow and joy, into the possession of his living word.

In addition to his work as parish minister he gave notable lectures in other cities. In 1842, we find him lecturing in Bridgeport, Brooklyn, and Norwich. In 1843 he gave the Commencement Address in Hudson, Ohio. In 1843 he gave the address: 'The Growth of Law," before a meeting of the Yale Alumni. In 1843 he was at the Bunker Hill celebration in Boston, walked arm in arm with Ripley in the procession, heard

Daniel Webster, and talked all evening with Theodore Parker. Honors came to him in the form of the degree, Doctor of Divinity, from Wesleyan University. That degree was given to him later by Harvard; and the honor of the L. L. D. was bestowed upon him by Yale in the last years of his life.

But the shadow which had threatened in 1839 was now more than a threat. In 1845, at the age of 43, he broke down in health. In vain he sought relief in a short vacation in North Carolina. His church, affectionate, loyal, generous, sent him to Europe for a year, in the hope that the complete change and rest would bring back his health and strength. For twelve years he had given himself without stint to the city of Hartford and the North Church. He had labored abundantly for the church of Christ and the Kingdom of God. With inexpressible tenderness he said goodbye to his dear wife and the three little daughters in the home on Winthrop Street, and to his beloved church. As he set his face steadfastly to his voyage and the long year from home, he exhibited the undaunted and uncomplaining spirit, which through all the years to come endued his life with power from on high.

CHAPTER IV

THE HARTFORD MINISTRY: THE PREACHER

1845-1848

THE year in Europe did not permanently remove the disability which had fastened itself upon him; but it did invigorate and inspire his soul. It brought him into contact with places and persons of which he had read and dreamed, and into communion with which he had already entered through the imagination. All this experience was rich material for the preacher.

Horace Bushnell was pre-eminently a preacher. He was, first and last, a herald of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. That one subject was the sovereign message of his pulpit. His sermons are living and life giving today. His famous sermon, "Every Man's Life a Plan of God," is one of those spiritual vitalities which live yesterday, today, and forever. Many of his texts have a shrewd and humorous suggestiveness. The sermon entitled "Spiritual Dislodgments" had for its text this appropriate word from Jeremiah:

"Moab hath been at ease from his youth, and hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel, neither hath he gone into capitivity; therefore his taste remained in him, and his scent is not changed." In the panic of 1857 he preached a week-day sermon to the business men of Hartford from the text: "And when the ship was caught and could not bear up into the wind, we let her drive."

And in January, 1847 he preached on the proposal to bring the water power of the Connecticut River from Windsor to Hartford, using this text: "This same Hezekiah also stopped the upper water courses of Gihon and brought it straight down to the west side of the city of David."

The titles of his sermons are characteristic. They are short sermons in themselves:

"Every Man's Life a Plan of God.
The Capacity for Religion Extirpated by Disuse.
Dignity of Human Nature Shown From Its Ruins.
The Power of an Endless Life.
The Outside Saints.
Loving Is But Letting God Love Us."

Such titles have great staying power in their terse, compact statement of a truth.

All his sermons are vital with a passionate feeling for the life, and death, and power of Christ. It is not too much to say that they have the genius of creative power and direct vision. He preached what he had seen and what he had heard. He brought to his congregation not a second-hand religion, but a first-hand religion, and this gives his preaching the voice of one who speaks with authority and not as the scribes.

His preaching cannot be properly estimated and understood, without considering much of the preaching of that day. That preaching had for its key note, the Fall of Man. The sermons were alarums ringing in the darkness. Bushnell's sermons never tolled the bell. They were more like peals and carillons. They rang out the old. They rang in the new. They were continually ringing in a new Christ, a new Church, and a new Christian nurture. Many of his contemporaries, in their sermons were expositors of a system in divinity, using their proof-texts to support their arguments. Bushnell's sermons are records of experience, reports from the study of human nature. They come from a full gaze at life. He observed, reflected, measured, and concluded. And his sermons are the honest, vigorous, passionate records of these observations and reflections. He made a stone wall by using his own hands; and he created a sermon by using his own experience. He did not see simply and only what Augustine and Calvin had seen. He beheld with his own eyes the nature of man; and he saw with unbeclouded vision his own conception of God.

His sermons remain to us in three volumes: "Sermons for the New Life"; "Christ and His Salvation"; "Sermons on Living Subjects." They represent the full range of his ministry, from the early years to the last years. They are quick and alive and glowing, with many sentences which have the diamond quality of proverbs:

"No prayer takes hold of God until it first takes hold of the man.

"The tallest saints of God will often be those who walk in the deepest obscurity.

"Every man's life is shaped by his love.

"A loose way makes a loose man.

"You begin to reign, the moment you begin to suffer well."

His work as a preacher was his major interest in the ministry. He never neglected his pulpit preparation. Behind all his preaching were reading, thinking, continuous study, the eager mind, the adventurous spirit. Again let us remember the very significant fact that the one book, which more than any other, except the Bible, guided his keen mind and loving heart was Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection." Dr. Munger says: "It may almost be said that it is to this book we are indebted for Bushnell." He began to read it in college, but it seemed "foggy and unintelligible" and was put aside for "a long time." Professor William Wallace Fenn in his chapter in the Religious History of New England quotes a "significant entry from Emerson's Journals: 'Edward Washburn told me that at Andover they sell shelves full of Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection" in a year' "; and adds this comment, "Coleridge stood for the same cast of thought as Emerson and Robertson and Maurice; and in particular Bushnell was strongly influenced by him, and in his turn deeply influenced Phillips Brooks." *And Bushnell himself* says: "For a whole half year I was buried under his 'Aids to Reflection' and tried vainly to look up through. I was quite sure that I saw a star glimmer, but I could not quite see the stars. My habit was only landscape before; but now I saw enough to convince me of a whole other world overhead, a range of realities in higher tier, that I must climb after, and if possible apprehend." This sentence and this book help us to understand the power of Bushnell as a preacher. He saw the stars, "the whole other world overhead — the range of realities in higher tier." The great preachers have always been the wise men who have seen the stars, and who have followed the light until they have found the Bethlehem of God. They know that only a God who makes a star can make a divine humanity, and only a God who is able to count the stars is able to heal the hearts of men. Bushnell hitched his homiletic wagon to a star, while most of his contemporaries jogged along a dusty orthodoxy in a one-horse shay.

Some explanation of his preaching can be found in the first aphorism of Coleridge's book:

"In philosophy equally as in poetry, it is the highest and most useful prerogative of genius to produce the strongest impressions of novelty, while it rescues admitted truths from the neglect caused by the very circumstances of their universal admission. Extremes meet. Truths, of all others the most awful and interesting, are too often considered as so true, that they lose all the power of truth, and lie bedridden in the dormitory of the soul, side by side with the most despised and exploded errors."

Such a statement, in its quickening thought and phrasing, came to be characteristic of Bushnell as a preacher. He could speak, by the prerogative of his genius, the awakening word to the sleeping, drowsy, and bed-ridden truths in the dormitory of the soul. No wonder the theologians were disturbed, saying "Who is this?", when spiritual paralytics took up their beds and walked.

As a preacher he was endowed with power not only through his material, but also through his delivery. He was a forcible preacher. He had a clear, resonant voice. His sentences fell into a rhythm which carried his truth to the feelings as well as to the minds of his bearers. His congregations remembered him as a young man, with flashing eyes, with a "fiery quality, an urgency and wilful force, which, in his later style is still felt in the more subdued glow of poetic imagery"; they treasured the memory of him as an old man, whose eye never lost its fire, whose voice never lost its music, whose preaching was always endued with power from on high.

Such a preacher was never "popular" in the usual sense of that word. But he was popular with congregations possessing minds and the capacity to reflect. President Dwight considered him the greatest of the preachers who came to Yale College. He says: "In the later part of my undergraduate career, and in the period of my tutorship, Dr. Bushnell, as I think, awakened greater interest on the part of the student company than any other even of the most distinguished preachers. The originality of his mind; his striking presentation of his thoughts and their peculiar richness; his style and use of language which were so characteristic of the man and were so fitted to excite attention; the very differences of his views from those of most of his contemporaries of his own order, and the new visions of truth which he opened and made beautiful — all alike, and in their union with each other, rendered him exceedingly attractive to young men whose intellectual powers were waking to manly activity and to the enjoyment of their personal thinking."

He was therefore the preacher for awakening minds, to whom his sermons were living and life-giving words, and to whom his very topics were an aid to reflection. He was that excellent preacher who could keep a congregation from going to sleep, and he was that still more excellent preacher who could arouse an awakening mind to the knowledge of "bed-ridden truths in the dormitory of the soul."

He was first of all a preacher, and then a writer. All his writing and his books proceeded from his sermons and addresses. The printed word, moving like a river of life, had its origin in the spoken word, that clear spring of living water. And this is true not only of Bushnell, but also of most of the New England theologians. Their pulpits were their laboratories; and their books and systems of divinity were the conclusions gathered from a devout and diligent preaching.

This was the Preacher, then, who returned from Europe in that year 1845 to the pulpit of the North Church in Hartford. A pamphlet bears witness to his preaching on the voyage across the Atlantic to Europe:

A Discourse
on the
Moral Uses of the Sea
Delivered on Board the
Packet-Ship Victoria, Captain Morgan
At Sea, July, 1845
By Horace Bushnell, D. D.

Published by
Request of the Captain and Passengers
New York
M. W. Dodd
Brick Church Chapel, Corner of Park Row and
Spruce Street — Opposite City Hall

A sermon entitled "The Day of Roads" is published in 1846. An address: "Agriculture at the East," delivered before the Hartford County Agricultural Society, is printed in 1846 and afterwards included in the first addition of "Work and Play." His publications are the printed form of the spoken word.

This is true, also, of his first and most famous book: "Christian Nurture." This had its origin in two discourses preached in his own pulpit; read before the Hartford ministers who unanimously asked him to have them printed; published in 1847 by the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society. The material in the book represented the reflections of ten years, the first expression of which appeared in "Revivals of Religion" in 1836 in "The Christian Spectator." The little book made scarcely a ripple when it was launched. Two papers gave a favorable review. Then came the beginning of the storm. A "Letter" appeared, addressed to Dr. Bushnell, charging that the "Discourses" contained "dangerous tendencies." The Massachusetts Sabbath School Society suppressed the book. Dr. Bushnell immediately published it himself, with a preface addressed to the Sabbath School Society, in which he described the incidents leading to the publication, and in which he argued that his convictions were a return to an orthodoxy, older and more genuine than the conservatism which had assailed him.

The thesis of "Christian Nurture" is: "that the child is to grow up a Christian and never know himself as being otherwise." This statement was an axe laid at the root of the prevailing opinion regarding the Christian nurture of children. According to that opinion, children had no place, technically, in the church. In theory, they were children of the Devil, and not children of God. They were conceived in sin and born in iniquity. That was the theory! Children were admitted to church membership only when they were "converted"; and the process of conversion operated in prescribed stages from the conviction of sin to the acceptance of salvation. The ecclesiastical machinery employed at that time to bring about this type of conversion was the Revival System. These revivals, both in their methods and ideas, were attacked by this famous book.

In the opinion of "Christian Nurture" children had a place in the church. They had a birthright membership in the church. They were indeed the children of the church. They were the children of God, heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ. They were to be nurtured, in the home and the church, so naturally in the love of God and the way of Christ, that they would grow up and never think of themselves as being anything else but Christian. The method advocated by Bushnell was a natural and steady growth. The method practised in the revival system was a violent transformation. One said the original nature of children was of the nature of goodness. The other said the original nature of children was of the nature of evil.

The first edition of 1847, published at 13 Cornhill, Boston, begins with the brief advertisement: "The argument of the following discourses was read before an Association of ministers, who requested their publication. The view of Christian education maintained in the discourses, is certainly different from that which is commonly held by our churches, and yet it is confidently believed to be inconsistent with no scheme of doctrine generally held or accepted. For it is a somewhat singular phenomenon that the current view of Christian nurture is no necessary or even proper inference from any current doctrine or opinion."

The two discourses or sermons are preached from the text: "Ephesians 6:4. Bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." He begins by saying: "There is then some kind of nurture which is of the Lord, deriving a quality and a power from Him, and communicating the same. Being instituted by Him it will of necessity have a method and a character peculiar to itself or rather to Him. It will be the Lord's way of education, having aims appropriate to Him, and if realized in its full intent, terminating in results impossible to be reached by any merely human method.

What then is the true idea of Christian, or divine nurture, as distinguished from that which is not Christian? What is its purposed aim? What is its method of working? What its powers and instruments? What its contemplated results? Few questions have greater moment, and it is one of the pleasant signs of the times, that the subject involved is beginning to attract new interest, and excite a spirit of inquiry which heretofore has not prevailed in our churches.

"Assuming then the question above stated, what is the true idea of Christian education? I answer in the following proposition which it will be the aim of my argument to establish, viz.:

"THAT THE CHILD IS TO GROW UP A CHRISTIAN

"In other words, the aim, effort, and expectation should be, not, as is commonly assumed, that the child is to grow up in sin, to be converted after he comes to a mature age, but that he is to open on the world as one that is spiritually renewed, not remembering the time when he went through a technical experience, but seeming rather to have loved what is good from his earliest years."

The edition of these two discourses, which Dr. Bushnell himself published, contains his replies to his critics. He speaks out in meeting with vigor and force. He employs a sharp satire: "And if the bats and beetles, scared by so strange a sign, begin to flutter wildly, as if the elemental darkness they inhabit, were in danger, it is not best to be alarmed on that account; for it is not they who rule the world any more than they who understand it." This sentence has the strength of Milton's strong, right arm, and reminds you of the famous line in the Areopagitica. Speaking of the religious newspaper which expressed the extreme conservatism, he delivered this effective blow: "To say that this paper is behind the age is nothing,—it is behind all ages. It is as ignorant of the past, as it is opposite to the future."

This as Dr. Munger says is "magnificent fighting," and no doubt in the providence of criticism had its value. Here was a good soldier girding on the whole armour. But in later years, Bushnell himself regretted the satire and severity of this argument, and in the later edition of "Christian Nurture" published in 1860, it was omitted.

That edition is a large book of 407 pages; the first edition is a little book of only 72 pages. The new edition contains the line from Isaiah which is now carved over the doors of one of the Grammar Schools in Hartford: "And all thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children." It contains thirteen new essays. It is divided into two parts: The Doctrine of Christian Nurture, and The Mode of Christian Nurture. The first part reprints the two original and historic discourses, and adds the characteristic and famous chapters on "The ostrich nurture" and "The organic unity of the family." The second part of the book contains wise and gracious counsel on parental qualifications, physical nurture, family government, plays and pastimes, holidays and Sundays, the Christian teaching of children, and family prayers.

"Christian Nurture," therefore in its earlier and later editions, is a plea for the Christian family. It is a gospel for the Church of Christ, as the family of God and the household of faith. It is an evangel for the family as the Church of Christ which is in thy home. In his own experience, as a minister in the North Church in Hartford, as a father and husband in the home on Ann Street and Winthrop Street, he had rediscovered for himself and for his generation, the historic position of the church. That historic position regards the children of men as the children of God. In the Christian church and in the Christian family, this man who loved the land and gave himself to his garden with a pure delight, found the good spiritual soil in which the word of God was to grow into the full harvest of a hundred fold.

Nor was he ever unmindful of the essential fact in the historic Christian experience, that when the Heavenly Father sent the full reality of His gospel into this world, He found the best recipient for that gospel to be the human family. Not to an ecclesiastical organization, nor to a society of priests, but to a mortal family in Bethlehem and Nazareth, He gave the evangel in Jesus Christ. To Bethlehem, the very least in the cities of Judah; to Nazareth, from which nothing good was to be expected, as if to show forever that a family under God was not dependent on outward and visible forms, but on inward, spiritual, and invisible realities. Such a family is a Holy Family, when the love subsisting between them is of such a nature as is spiritual, when the life maintaining and supporting them is the sure conviction that they are a company, ineffably beloved, subject to no dominion and conquests by time and space, travelling home to God in the way called Jesus Christ. Such a companionship and such a pilgrimage, both in the church and in the home, constitute Christian nurture.

CHAPTER V

THE MINISTRY IN HARTFORD, 1848

THE PRACTICAL MYSTIC

AFTER the publication of "Christian Nurture" came a period of unusual spiritual and intellectual activity. In 1847 he published the sermon "Prosperity Our Duty." In 1847, also, he prepared at the request of the American Missionary Association the address entitled "Barbarism the First Danger," and delivered it in New York, Boston, and other places. Dr. Cyrus Bartol, minister of the West Church in Boston, heard him, and this was the beginning of a long friendship and correspondence. The year 1848 was considered by his wife "the central point in the life of Horace Bushnell." She gave this interesting description of that important year:

"It was a year of great labors. At its beginning he had reached one of those headlands where new discoveries open to the sight. He had approached it through mental struggles, trials, and practical endeavor, keeping his steadfast way amid all the side-attractions of his ceaseless mental activity. Five years before, God had spoken personally to him in the death of his beloved little boy, drawing his thoughts and affections to the spiritual and unseen, until, by slow advances, the heavenly vision burst upon him. He might well have said, what Edward Irving said of a like sorrow: 'Glorious Exchange! He took my son to his own more fatherly bosom, and revealed in my bosom the sure expectation and faith of his own eternal Son.'

"This more personal direction of his thoughts had interested him in a new kind of reading, especially in Upham's 'Life of Madame Guyon' and the 'Interior Life,' and the writings of Fenelon, which attracted his feeling by their devout fervor and unworldly standards.

" 'I believed,' he afterwards said, 'from reading, especially the New Testament, and from other testimony, that there is a higher, fuller life that can be lived, and set myself to attain it. I swung, for a time, toward quietism, but soon passed out into a broader, more positive state.' . . .

"In these studies, and in the devout application by which he sought to realize, in his own experience, the great possibilities unfolding to his conception, the New Year came in. On an early morning in February, his wife awoke, to hear that the light they had waited for, more than they that watch for the morning had risen indeed. She asked, 'What have you seen?' He replied, 'The Gospel.' It came to him at last, after all his thought and study, not as something reasoned out, but as an inspiration — a revelation from the mind of God Himself.

"The full meaning of his answer he embodied at once in a sermon on 'Christ the Form of the Soul' from the text, 'Until Christ be formed in you.' The very title of this sermon expresses his spiritually illumined conception of Christ, as the indwelling, formative life of the soul — the new, creating power of righteousness for humanity. And this conception was, soon after, more adequately set forth in his book, 'God in Christ.'

"That he regarded this as a crisis in his spiritual life is evident from his not infrequent reference to it among his Christian friends. Even as late as 1871 when we were alone one evening, the conversation led back to this familiar subject. In answer to a question, he said: 'I seemed to pass a boundary. I had never been very legal in my Christian life, but now I passed from those partial seeings, glimpses, and doubts, into a clearer knowledge of God and into His inspirations, which I have never wholly lost. The change was into faith — a sense of the freeness of God and the ease of approach to Him.'

"His own statement, made elsewhere, of the nature of faith, gives a deeper insight into his meaning. 'Christian faith,' as he says, 'is the faith of a transaction. It is not the committing of one's thought "in assent to any proposition, but the trusting of one's being to *a being,* there to be rested, kept, guided, moulded, governed, and possessed forever.' . . . 'It gives you God, fills you with God in immediate, experimental knowledge, puts you in possession of all there is in Him, and allows you to be invested with His character itself.'

"This, then, was what faith brought to him. Referring, in a letter, to the nature of this divine experience, he wrote, 'I was set on by the personal discovery of Christ, and of God as represented in him.' This discovery brought him into closer relations to God as his personal friend,—the relations of confidence and reciprocity, with the warmth and glow of personal friendship. Such an opening of his whole being to the light, had, of course, a marked effect on his preaching. Speaking now from experimental knowledge and perception, it was the special work of his philosophic mind to set the inner experiences of the Christian life in rational forms, to show 'the reason of faith' and the orderly and 'fixed laws by which God's most distinctly supernatural works are determined.'

"The greatness of this change and its profound reality made him a new man, or rather the same man with a heavenly investiture. In this divine panoply, he was sent into the conflict which immediately followed the publication of 'God in Christ,' written the same year; and he was able to meet it with the courage, the poise and the consciousness of divine support and guidance that at length gave him his victory."

From this great experience, in which he had faced a personal sorrow with a personal faith; where he had found the writings of the mystics as aids to his reflections and had received above all his vision in the night, he turned with eager, happy interest to the work of his ministry. He was forty-six years old and he had been a minister in Hartford fifteen years. That year, 1848, was a year of significant sermons and addresses springing out of his profound experience.

On July 9th he delivered a "Discourse on the Atonement" before the Harvard Divinity School in Harvard University. It was a frank and forcible expression of the light that had come to him in his mystic experience. His thesis was: "Christ is a manifestation in humanity of the Eternal Life of the Father,— entering into a prison-world to set its soul-captives free; by his incarnate charities and sufferings, to reengage the world's love and reunite it to the Father; in one condensed, luminous utterance, every word of which is power, God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself."

This discourse was an appropriate word in the historic chapel of the Harvard Divinity School where Emerson had given his famous address on the message: "acquaint thyself at first hand with Deity." For the "Discourse" by Horace Bushnell had grown from the experience where he had acquainted himself at first hand with Deity.

On August 15th he gave as the Concio ad Clerum, in Yale College, the Discourse on the Divinity of Christ. He was listened to with the closest attention, for here was a subject, always vital in the churches, and at that time emphatically present in thought and discussion; and here was a preacher who was speaking as one having the vision of his own experience and the language of his own mind.

On August 24th, the day after Commencement — he was again at Harvard, to deliver the oration before the Phi Beta Kappa. His subject was "Work and Play," afterwards published as the first essay in the volume of addresses which bears that title. This was a happy visit with his friends in Cambridge, and Nahant, and with Dr. Bartol in Boston. The latter wrote affectionately: "probably no oration at Cambridge had ever resounded more sweetly afar than his, in 1848, on 'Work and Play'."

In September of that eventful, and, for him, effulgent year, he gave at Andover Theological Seminary, the Discourse on "Dogma and Spirit." Here he was speaking again on the reflections which had grown out of his mystical experience in the winter: "Christ as a manifestation of God." He pleaded for a Reviving of Religion, as a more excellent way than "Revivals." He prayed for an "era of renovated faith spreading from circle to circle through the whole church of God on earth; the removal of divisions; the smoothing away of asperities, the realization of love as a bond of perfectness in all the saints."

These three discourses on theology were gathered together that winter, and published in 1849, under the title "God in Christ." The book was published by Brown & Parsons, and printed by Case, Tiffany & Co., both of Hartford. So it was distinctly a Hartford book in composition, though the addresses were given in New Haven, Cambridge, and Andover; for in that order they were arranged. They were considerably enlarged and revised; and to them he prefixed a "preliminary dissertation on language." This theory of language is so important that it will be considered at length in a later chapter. It is appropriate to say here that his daughter, and biographer, emphatically considered this as "the key to Horace Bushnell, to the whole scheme of his thought, to that peculiar manner of expression which marked his individuality,—in a word, to the man."

Such was the book which was in the course of events to produce a storm in the world of New England theology, and to procure for Bushnell in many circles the name of heretic.

It will be wise, therefore, since this book was so significant, and since 1848 was in truth "the central point in the life of Horace Bushnell," to note with some consideration the nature of the experience from which that book proceeded. That experience belongs to the records of Christian mysticism; and the book "God in Christ," is written by a practical Christian mystic. "Religious Mysticism," says Dean Inge, "may be defined as the attempt to realize the presence of the living God in the soul and in nature, or more generally, as the attempt to realize, in thought and feeling, the immanence of the temporal in the eternal, and of the eternal in the temporal."

The Christian mystic is the man who has entered within the "mystery," and to whom things which hitherto have been in the nature of an enigma are now clear, immediate, and personal. Such individuals from the days of the gospel of St. John have emphasized the importance of the direct, immediate and personal approach to God. All the way, to such a man, is a divine way. And even this way of light, receives now and then unusual and extraordinary visitations of light, so that the whole pilgrimage of his existence, assumes for the moment in time and possesses forever in value, a most certain and luminous meaning. Such a visitation in light came to Horace Bushnell as a boy among the

Litchfield hills; not much of a light, perhaps, and destined almost to die out in college days, but enough of a light to be a candle of the Lord in the little chamber of a boy's soul. Such a luminous moment came to him as a young man, of twenty-nine, in Yale College, "in the little bed room of one of these dormitories"; not much of a light, he himself confessed, but enough of a light, so commanding in its clear flame, to turn that mature, brilliant mind into the service of Christ's church and Christ's Gospel. And such was the epiphany which came to him as a minister in his "annus mirabilis" of 1848. The spiritual crisis is so important that it bears repetition: "On an early morning of February, his wife awoke to hear that the light they had waited for, more than they had watched for the morning had risen indeed. She asked, 'What have you seen?' He replied, 'The Gospel'."

The nature of that experience is not dissimilar from the visions of the great Christian mystics. They have had their commanding hours, which for them are so imperative that forever after they are never disobedient to the Heavenly Vision. St. Paul had such a revelation on the road to Damascus. St. Augustine, in the garden, hears the voice saying "take and read; take and read;" and taking up the Epistle to the Romans he reads: "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfill the lusts thereof"; and that opening of the scriptures, opens a new world for him and for Christendom. John Bunyan on his way to Bedford hears "three or four poor women sitting at a door in the sun, talking about the things of God;" and suddenly his moment becomes an open and effectual door filled with light that never was on sea or land, and the way to Bedford town is translated by grace abounding into the glory of a pilgrim's progress to a celestial city. John Wesley, the young man recently graduated from Oxford, goes, one night in London "very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street where one was reading from Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter to nine, I felt my heart strangely warmed, and I did trust in Christ alone for my salvation"; that hour was the commanding moment in the life of John Wesley, and by virtue of his obedience to that vision, he became one of the most commanding personalities in eighteenth century England. Jonathan Edwards, born like Bushnell in Connecticut, and like him a graduate of Yale, has his unforgotten, unforgettable hour when suddenly a new light shines on the Scriptures through this text: "Now unto the King, Eternal, Immortal, Invisible, the Only Wise King, be glory and honour and dominion forever and ever, Amen."

These experiences are typical of the great Christian mystics. From such experiences they derive their authority; because they are able henceforth to speak not as scribes who know only the letter, but as witnesses who have felt the spirit.

With such experiences must we include "the crisis in his spiritual life" which came to Horace Bushnell that winter morning in 1848. He was a mystic, but he was a practical mystic. His good sense, and his sound judgment, restrained him from the extravagances to which mystics have been lured. He saw the stars, but he kept his feet on the earth. He could read the quietists, and he could appreciate the peace which the world cannot give neither can take away; but he could also read the men of action, and he knew that dreams and deeds together make the book of acts, which is the history of Christian experience. He was a man who could watch for the Light more than they who watch for the morning, and having seen the gospel could follow it reverently, tenderly, and forever; but he was also a man who could lay stone walls, plough a straight furrow, invent a furnace, dig a cellar, and build a house. Such a man was not beguiled by will-o'-the-wisps; nor was he likely to be led into the phantasmagoria of the occult and the magical. Nothing of that sort was ever present in the healthy mind and sober common sense of Horace Bushnell. So he urged the ministers of New England, who had inherited the stern logic of New England theology, to read extensively in the classics of Christian mysticism. At the close of "Dogma and Spirit" the third discourse in "God in Christ" he says: "I would even go so far as to recommend, especially to Christian ministers and students of theology in New England, that they make a study, to some extent, of the mystic and quietistic writers; inquiring, at the same time, how far Christ and Christianity partake in these elements — also, whether it be not a fault of our own piety and character, that it partakes of neither?"

He did not fear any danger. He was not afraid they would be led into vagueness and clouds. He knew their saving common sense. He said:

"We have no reason, at present, to cherish any fears of mysticism. It can do us no harm, until we are much farther off from the busy, speculative, dry, and almost total rule of dogma than we ever yet have been, or than it is at present, in our nature to be. And as to quietism, it will be soon enough to apprehend ill consequences from that in New England, when the bees are found sleeping in summer shades, or the lightnings stagnate in the sky."

Such a practical mystic was the man who wrote "God in Christ," and from a profound experience similar to those of Paul and Augustine, Bunyan and Wesley and Edwards, came the material on which he reflected and from which he produced these significant discourses. He, himself, knew perfectly well the character of the great year through which he had passed. He says at the end of the dissertation on Language which serves as a preface to the three addresses: "If any should be apprehensive that the views here offered may bring in an age of mysticism, and so of interminable confusion, they will greatly misconceive their import, and also the nature of mysticism itself. A mystic is one who finds a secret meaning, both in words and in things, back of their common or accepted meaning —

some agency of Life, or Living Thought, hid under the forms of words, and institutions and historical events. Hence, all religious writers and teachers, who dwell on the representative character of words and things, or hold the truths of religion, not in mechanical measures and relations, but as forms of life, are so far mystics."

And again: "I make no disavowal, then, that there is a mystic element, as there should be, in what I have represented as the source of meaning in language, and also in the views of Christian life and doctrine that follow. Man is designed in his very nature to be a partially mystic being; the world to be looked on as a mystic world. Christ, himself, revealed a decidedly mystic element in his teachings. There is something of a mystic quality in almost every writing of the New Testament. In John it is a character. In the 'dialectic' Paul there are many passages quite as mystical as any in John."

He knew, therefore, the character of this experience. It was reality. It was the real thing. It was a sense of the presence of God. From that reality he came forth as from a mount of Transfiguration, with the possession of a spirit that was comprehensive and friendly and fraternal, and with a conviction of Truth that was rooted and grounded for him through God in Christ. This comprehensive spirit and this conviction of Christ, enabled him to face the storm, which his book evoked, with strength and serenity. And by the same means he was able to be not divisive, but liberating in his influence on theology and the churches. Well for him he had this inner security and light and life, for the storm that broke around him showed that lightnings were not stagnant in the theological skies.

CHAPTER VI

THE MINISTRY IN HARTFORD, 1849-1854

THE THEOLOGICAL CONTROVERSY

THE THEOLOGIAN

THE storm broke on the publication of his book, "God in Christ," in 1849. In order to understand in some measure this debate, which had Horace Bushnell for its subject, one must know something of New England Theology and something of the contents of Bushnell's revolutionary book.

New England Theology is one of the noble creative expressions of New England. Many people today appreciate the houses, the churches, the ships, the furniture, the pewter, and the silver of Colonial and Georgian days. These have a beauty before which we stand in admiration and delight. We prize their possession. We place high values upon them. We look to them as standards and examples. The men who made them have left them to us as the memorial of the works of their hands. But the work of their minds was no less notable for honor and nobility and beauty; and they have left behind as their memorials forever, that serious thinking on the being of God which gave a breathing spirit to those white meeting houses on a thousand hills, which filled those lovely cottages and mansions with a family spirit organic and devout and of the character of Christ. The New England Theology was the serious thinking of the men and women in these commonwealths on the nature of God; and deserves to be remembered and honored as the very soul of those who made these outward and visible instruments of life so imperishably beautiful.

Like most expressions of the human spirit in the realm of the ideal, it had ancient origins and human frailties. New England Theology was a way of thinking about God inherited through many centuries from Paul and Augustine and Calvin. Here in New England that system of thought had received in the eighteenth century a very distinct expression from the mind of Jonathan Edwards. He made the strict and high theology which he had inherited from Paul, Augustine, Calvin, and the New England Fathers, even higher and stricter in order to defend himself against what he considered a general loosening in belief and thought. Yet even

Edwards made his distinction between moral and natural ability; and in his treatise "On the Nature of True Virtue" he soars above restrictions into the splendor of God. But his system, on the whole, was logical; and appealed especially both to the severely logical, and to the sincerely devout. The outlines of this theology emphasized the power of God, who was King of Kings and Lord of Lords; the sinful nature of man who was a descendant of Adam and Eve. These were rebels against an infinite majesty. Therefore they committed an infinite sin; and therefore, they and all their descendants were worthy of infinite punishment. The King resolves to pardon and forgive a minority. This is an act of grace, free and irresistible. Nothing they have done deserves it. He sends His son Jesus Christ, who makes atonement, limited only to this minority. The great majority are doomed to the hell they deserve. Such an outline emphasizing the sovereignty of God, the original sin and total depravity of man, the free and irresistible grace of God, the limited atonement of Jesus Christ, the perseverance of the saints, gives only a bare suggestion of a long historic process. The five points of Calvin are the five points of Augustine: predestination, depravity, atonement, regeneration, and perseverance. With much of the contents of this outline, the liberal student of the Christian experience does not today agree. He makes "improvements" as all his theological ancestors have claimed they have done. Such an "improvement" was the apologia of Edwards. But his "improvement" was so high and imperative that it inevitably evoked both discipleship and antagonism. Men followed making their theology "higher" and "stricter" and "more consistent" even than the high and severe theology of Edwards. The result was that when Bushnell came into the theological world in Connecticut there were two theological parties: "Old School" and "New School." The "Old School" were moderates who tried to take a lenient view of this strict, and stern theology. The "New School" were men who called themselves "consistent," who followed their logic even if it took them over the brink of Hell. In Eastern Massachusetts, a third party, the Unitarians, were the Liberals of the New England theology. This, in brief, was the character of the New England Theology in general, of Connecticut in particular, when Horace Bushnell's book, "God in Christ," was published in 1849.

That book did not identify itself with any one of the three parties in New England, nor did it receive commendation and approval from these. In Connecticut, both the "Old School" and "New School" regarded it as heresy.

It will be necessary to say something more about the contents, and first of all about the dissertation on language which serves as an introduction. This theory of language was considered by Horace Bushnell, and by his daughter and biographer, as the key to his theology.

It is interesting to observe first of all that this significant essay is composed in the same form as Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection," the book which made more impressions on him than any other "except the Bible." He sets forth his ideas "under numerical indications, a series of points or positions." He divides language into two departments: physical, which gives names to things; intellectual, which gives names to thought and spirit. He believes words are not exact. They are only hints or images. Only those can be called exact which relate to necessary ideas and that by reason of the absolute exactness of the ideas themselves. But no words in the world of thought and spirit exactly measure the ideas they endeavor to reveal; they are images, pictures, poems, music, hints, suggestions, and inspirations. Since they are only proximate expressions, language, therefore is always trying to mend the situation by multiplying its forms of representation. "Thus as form battles form, and one form neutralizes another, all the insufficiencies of words are filled out, the contrarieties liquidated, and the mind settles into a full and just apprehension of the pure, spiritual truth. Accordingly we never come so near to a truly well rounded view of any truth as when it is offered paradoxically, that is under contradictions, that is under two or more dictions, which taken as dictions are contrary one to the other."

By this theory of language he comes to the statement that religion cannot be described in fixed forms of dogma. God cannot be exactly defined, for definitions are words and words are proximate. Yet the expression of God is the message of Christian Truth. God, therefore, comes into expression through histories and rites, ceremonies and altars, images and forms, incarnations and languages; and at last, in one syllable, the Word, even the word made flesh, and dwelling among us, the Glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. He concludes his dissertation on language with the important statement that he is a Christian mystic of the Order of St. John and St. Paul. His theology is primarily "an immediate, experimental knowledge of God." This experience submitted for reflection not only to the reason, but above all to the imagination, comes forth clothed in language, which in this world of thought and spirit, is only an approximate expression.

This was the introduction to the three discourses gathered together in this book. The first discourse is entitled "The Divinity of Christ." He takes as the text for his address, the Scripture of I John 1:2—"For the Life was manifested and we have seen it, and bear witness, and show unto you that Eternal Life, which was with the Father before the manifestation." His discourse was a development of this text. He declares that the divine aim of Christ is to express God. He calls his idea of the Trinity an "instrumental Trinity." He confesses that when he stands before Christ, he stands despite all his speculations, before a mystery. That mystery is the mystery of the burning bush; and he feels constrained to put off his shoes, as on holy ground, and not to put out the fire. He finds all his speculations concerning Christ, rooted and grounded in his experience of Christ. He has seen that life as a manifestation of God. He bears witness to it. And his preaching is the showing forth of that Eternal Life. He says concerning this experience and interpretation: "I have known no other since I began to be a preacher of Christ and my experience teaches me to want no other. If it has delivered me from agonies of mental darkness and confusion concerning God, which at one time seemed insupportable, it cannot be wrong to hope that God will make the truth a deliverance equally comfortable and joyful to some of you."

The discourse on the Atonement proceeds from the same text in the First Epistle of John. His message is that all souls have their proper life only in the common vivifying life of God. "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself." He considers the doctrine of the Atonement under two aspects: "first, a subjective, speculative one that contemplates the work of Christ, in its ends, and views it as a power related to its ends; second, an objective, ritualistic — one that sets him forth to faith, instead of philosophy, and one, without which, as an Altar Form for the soul, he would not be the power intended, or work the ends appointed." He states and discusses the Protestant views of the Atonement. He considers, for example, Calvin's statement, that "it was requisite that (Christ) should feel the severity of divine vengeance, in order to appease the wrath of God, and satisfy His justice." He says concerning this: "I confess my inability to read this kind of language without a sensation of horror, for it is not the half poetic, popular language of Scripture, but the cool, speculative language of theory, as concerned with the reason of God's penal distributions." His doctrine of the Atonement excludes all thoughts of a penal quality, or of any divine abhorrence to sin. He dismisses as an assumption too high for us the opinion that the death of Christ is designed for some governmental effect on the moral empire of God in other worlds. He considers the Atonement produces in our minds an impression of the essential sanctity of God's law and character. He concludes this discourse, as he does that on the Divinity of Christ, by turning again to his experience as the final seat of authority. He rises to a high level when he says: "But the best of all directions I know for the preaching of Christ, and one that supposes everything right in the preacher, as it does in the disciple, is to live in Him. And, when I speak of this, I am almost ashamed to have been spelling out, in syllables, this dull theory, and withholding you so long from the lively doctrine of Jesus and His Cross. To know Jesus and Him only, to die with Him in His death and rise in the likeness of His resurrection, to have Christ living in us, life within life, to have His pure spirit breathing in us, to love with His love, to be united to God consciously and eternally by our union with Him, to know that nothing shall be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord, in that confidence to be ready even to partake joyfully in His passion, and become obedient, with Him, even unto death — this, I say, is to know how to preach Christ unto men."

Bushnell's theory of the Atonement is of great importance and vast formative influence among the historic doctrines of the Atonement. It is not too much to say that probably most of the men in the progressive groups today build their idea of the Atonement on Bushnell's thought and conception.

The third and last discourse, on "Dogma and Spirit" is preached from the same text in the First epistle of John. He protests against revivals and the revival methods, and calls for a true reviving of religion. He protests against the identification of religion with dogma, propositions and articles; and pleads for the power of the spirit. Spiritual things must be spiritually discerned. God, in order to be known by us, must live in us. God is to be found not in opinions but in faith, right feeling, and love. "There is more of the true light of Christ in one hour of the highest communion with Him, than the best scheme of theological opinions has ever been able to offer." He considers reason necessary in order to provide checks and balances; to save Theology from visionary flights and erratic fancies. He believes the Christian must be comprehensive, both rationalist and mystic. He is convinced that no man knows Christ, or can learn Christ, who is not in the spirit of Christ. "If he cannot say, Christ liveth in me, not even a thousand years of study will give him any proper conception of the Christian plan." He has faith that the roads to unity for the separated churches of New England — and shall we not say for all Christendom?— will be found when religion is known as an experience in the spirit of God in Christ, and not as a dogma in the articles and decrees of man.

This was the book which called forth the controversy and the efforts to have Bushnell tried as a heretic. A full account of that controversy is found in the important and admirable pamphlet by Dr. Edwin Pond Parker. Many people evidently felt that the book was heretical. A committee, therefore, of the ministers in the association to which Bushnell belonged, was appointed to see if the book contained doctrines inconsistent with some cardinal articles of the Christian faith. That committee brought in two reports: a minority report, finding error; a majority report, which, while not agreeing with all that Bushnell had written, found no fundamental error and declined to recommend that he be tried for heresy. These reports were discussed by the ministers of his association who voted seventeen to three in favor of the majority report. The important fact to be noted here is this: his brother ministers in the Congregational churches of Hartford and vicinage, though they did not agree with all or much of his theology, deliberately declined to find fundamental or serious error, and firmly refused to have a heresy trial. For five years, from 1849 to 1854, the controversy continued. Again and again, efforts were made by another section of the State to have a declaration adopted that his book was fundamentally wrong, and a movement initiated to have him condemned as a heretic. In all these trying years Bushnell was saved by his own clear perception of his rights as a free minister in a free church, according to the light that had been given him. He was also defended by the majority of his brethren who girded him with toleration, and freedom, and honor, even if they did not agree with his theology.

Especially did the North Church stand bravely by their minister. According to the ecclesiastical usage of those days a minister might be tried for heresy on petition from three members of his church, with a certificate from a minister. To the high honor of the North Church, never was it possible to secure even three names asking for the trial of Horace Bushnell. Finally, the North Church, righteously indignant with the persistent efforts to have them discipline their minister, voted unanimously to withdraw from the fellowship of these churches. The freedom of the Congregational churches had made it possible for Horace Bushnell to speak with the large liberty of the prophet; and the same love of freedom and independence shielded him from the minority who would have had him tried and condemned.

This controversy brought Horace Bushnell to the attention of a large and abiding congregation. From now on the great Hartford preacher was a theologian. This was in keeping with the New England tradition where the preachers have been the theologians: Hooker, Edwards, Bushnell and Gordon. He was now creating the theology which was in time to influence the preachers in the pulpit and the thinkers in the study. His place as a theologian, in the history of theology of America, is that of a liberator,— to use the good word of John W. Buckham — delivering theology from the rigid determinism and merciless logic which had prevailed during the eighteenth century; delivering our thought from the despotism of rationalism and electing, for our guidance, a theology of experience; delivering our minds from the idea that there is a wall of partition between the natural and supernatural, and electing for our understanding, the doctrine of the divine immanence. His distinction as a theologian is found in his true apprehension of the relation of the children of men to the Heavenly Father of all mankind; in his insistence on the inward spirit in man as the final seat of authority; in his demand for a first hand religion, an experimental knowledge of God; in his declaration that the religious life is the material of theology; and in the profound importance of Christ as the manifestation of God.

He uses essentially the scientific method. That method is the study of facts by means of observation, experiment, measurement, and conclusions. Now, in religion, the fact is the experience of God. Theology is the "Divine Science" which observes, measures, examines, and describes that sovereign experience. Moreover, Theology as a Science, in this study of the experience of God, must always use not only the light of reason but also the light of the mystic. Such a method not only employs order, and system, and historic perspectives, and all the checks and balances of comparative faiths, but also and above all must always enlist the Heavenly Vision, the immediate and personal experience, the intuitive approach, the inner light and the inner voice. Imagination is the great aid to reflection in Theology. The Theologian, therefore, must be a Poet as well as a Scientist. Indeed the two become fused in him. Quite properly Theology has been called the Queen of Sciences, for in her search for Truth, she must gather up into her ruling light all those methods which in the realm of Truth, have found the Kingdom of

God in the hearts and minds of men. If the theologian is to understand the flower in the crannied wall he must have the light of the botanist, the insight of the poet, and the far sight of the prophet. As a student of the things that pertain to God and man, Horace Bushnell was such a theologian, for he observed, measured and examined his experience of God, insisting that all systems of theology must be continually inspected, re-vivified and remade by every generation, employing the imagination as the divine aid in his reflections, lifting up like a poet his visions and conclusions into the glory of words, knowing that words after all are only the far-flung images and prophetic outlines of reality.

Foster says in his History of New England Theology that "Bushnell's first and greatest contribution to the world of thought was himself" — that "there can be no thinking in theology but what is original thinking"; and that "those who believe in Christian Theology will join in honoring Bushnell, theologian and hero, man of insight and man of faith."

John Winthrop Platner, in the Religious History of New England, gives him this honor as a theologian: "seer of visions hidden to the many, who was faithful to the spirit of the past, yet able to interpret for his fellow ministers the theology of the future."

John W. Buckham says: "The last twenty-five years have witnessed a greatly enhanced estimate of his part in theological advance and a fresh sense of the unexhausted treasures of his productive personality."

Theodore T. Munger in his admirable biography of Bushnell adds this prophetic word: "The recognition of Bushnell will grow as the theological crisis passes and leaves the New England theology of the past standing out in its full and bare proportions, and in contrast with that which seems to be taking shape under conceptions of God and man and evil and redemption that accord with modern thought and with the great law by which all things are interpreted"; and again, "He was a theologian as Copernicus was an astronomer; he changed the point of view, and thus not only changed everything, but pointed the way toward substantial unity in theological thought."

George A. Gordon, preacher and theologian, speaks of Horace Bushnell in the theological succession with Maurice and Stanley and gives his discriminating judgment: "He was the inaugurator of a movement greater than he knew, and he was full of impulses the significance of which even he did not understand."

Through the publication of his book "God in Christ," the preacher in the North Church in Hartford had become a leader in the historic succession of the New England Theology. The important fact for the layman to consider is that here is a man who has both religion and theology. His religion is rooted and grounded in experience. His nurture in religion is a growth and not a conquest. His authority is the divinity in man, and not the dogma in ecclesiastics. His theology is the sober, searching, intelligent study of this experience.

Both his religion and his theology led him irresistibly to Christ. Christ is the center of his religion, and Christ is the center of his theology. Christ is the manifestation of what man ought to be; and Christ is the manifestation of what God is. For him religion was a way of life, and for him to live was Christ. For him theology was the interpretation of that way of life, and such an interpretation was to be found in Christ, in whose human life was seen and shown forth the Glory of God.

CHAPTER VII

THE MINISTRY IN HARTFORD FROM THE THEOLOGICAL CONTROVERSY TO HIS RESIGNATION — IN 1859

THE days of the theological controversy were strenuous. It was a period of intense excitement. Pamphlets, articles, and books from all the four quarters of the winds of doctrine were published against him. They were days of accusation. Fortunately, they were not days of condemnation. Fortunately, too, he preserved and maintained his inward serenity, declining to separate the churches, and refusing to lead a secession. To him we are largely indebted today for the possession of both liberty and unity in the churches in Connecticut.

As a result of this spiritual and inward serenity, he was able during these troublous years of the controversy, from 1849 to 1854, to turn his mind to fields where no bulls of Bashan could compass him about. In June, 1851, he delivered the "Speech for Connecticut," a hymn of thanksgiving and praise for the state in which he was born and nurtured, and of which he was so affectionately proud. In August of that same year, he gave at the Centennial of Litchfield, the address entitled "The Age of Homespun"—the famous and delightful description of that period of simplicity and strength which preceded the industrial revolution. This is a stream of the water of life, running down from the past, like one of his own brooks rushing down forever from the Litchfield hills. In May, 1852, he gave at Harvard the Dudleian lecture on "Revealed Religion." In August, 1852, he gave the address on "Religious Music" before the Beethoven Society in Yale College — the society he had helped to found when he was an undergraduate. These addresses, both in their preparation and delivery, furnished him a happy change in those trying days of accusation.

In these same years, the disease which had fastened upon him, and which he tried vainly to shake off, pressed now so heavily, that he was forced to take a long vacation from parish work. He left Hartford in October, 1852, and made a journey to the west as far as St. Louis. Travelling was primitive. He "suffered prodigiously" from cold and exposure, roughing it in log cabins, and riding in an open carriage over the interminable prairies. He was in his beloved home and church again by Christmas; and in the spring, 1853, he was preaching the sermon in recognition of his twentieth anniversary as minister of the North Church. He began: "On this 22nd of May, just twenty years ago, I was set in charge as pastor of this flock and teacher of this Christian congregation. It would be too much to say that I had seen nothing in you to blame or reprove. Had you attained to any such perfection, there would have been nothing for me to do, or, if anything, that which only some angelic ministry would be high enough in quality to perform. But it is much to say that I have never seen the first day of regret on account of my settlement; more to say that my attachment to you has been strengthened every year by your uniform kindness and fidelity; and yet more, as regards my own Christian satisfaction, that my conviction has been more and more confirmed that I am placed among you by the call of God, here and nowhere else to fulfill the particular errand for which I was sent into the world. No pastor was ever happier in his relations to his people, or had ever greater reason to thank God always, upon every remembrance of their patience with him, and their fellowship with him in his official duties." A happy humor and frankness make this sermon an unusually human document. He speaks characteristically of his vein of comprehensiveness; of his refusal to square his teachings with either Old School or New School. The congregation must have indulged a quiet chuckle when he declared that the two parties heard him as it were across a fence. He described his method in theology perfectly when he said that with him a question was always submitted to experience, and when experimentally proved, was then rested in as a conviction. He refers to the Great Debate which was then shaking the Union: "On the outbreak of the Slavery question, you fell into a place where two seas met, and for a few days it really seemed quite possible that you might founder there; but you rode the storm through safely and parted no seams of amity."

His only difficulties had been with revivals and revivalists. And the only criticisms he had received of his preaching had been these two: "One that I preach too long sermons, which is sometimes true; and the other that I preach Christ too much, which I cannot think is a fault to be repented of."

In that anniversary year of 1853 he preached his significant sermon on Common Schools, regarding the modifications demanded by Roman Catholics.

From Christmas to summer, 1853, he worked hard, and now he was again obliged to take an enforced vacation. He was in these years, a sick man all the time, always bearing about in his body the possibilities of tuberculosis. He did not complain; and he never surrendered. Out of his poor health, he could lift up a word of gratitude to the doctors: "these are the spiced men and they carry so much of antiseptic influence with them that it is quite in place to have them in sick chambers." The break in his health continued through 1854, and in January, 1855, it was so much worse that he was forced to go to Cuba for three months. In that enforced idleness he wrote with a homesick pen: "I think of my dear home, my deserted pulpit, my dear flock and work. My heart is there and not here." And he could add with honesty: "I am sometimes greatly discouraged, struggle darkly with my symptoms, half let go of my confidence, return with difficulty to my expectations, and finally end with yielding myself to the Fatherly Sovereignty, falling into it and burying in it all my thoughts, misgivings, cares and throes."

If you have had sickness, or if you have had good health, you recognize here at once the fighting heart of a great soldier. There is a brave and gallant letter written from this Babylonian captivity, to Thomas Winship in Hartford, and saying he had "found a young convert from the State of Maine, on the plantation where I stayed; and with this young cooper I conspired (a most dangerous conspiracy, if it were known) to make out something in the nature of a Sunday worship. We went out to the remote woods, and there we kneeled down, each in turn, to pray. Sometimes I gave a paraphrase of some chapter, like the 139th Psalm, and he, comprising in himself the organ and all the parts of the music — for I had too little voice to help him much — sung a song, as by the willows in a strange land." That prayer meeting by Horace Bushnell and the young cooper from the state of Maine, in the woods of Cuba, deserves to be remembered with those prayers and psalms which have given the enduring grace of God to human habitations.

From the same exile he could write for his children the laughing parable of "The Yaguey Tree"— whose seed is planted on the tops of other trees, and which grows at the expense and very life of the tree which nourishes and supports it. By June, 1855, he is back again in Hartford. A summer in the hills of Connecticut enables him to do some work on his book "Nature and the Supernatural," which he is trying to write. Still he cannot quite shake off the disease and regain his full health and strength. So, early in 1856, he determined to try the climate of California. He wrote his friend, Dr. Bartol, in Boston, that he was off to California, and Oh! that Bartol was going with him. He prayed strong prayers that his disease might grant him a respite till he had finished his book. On March 31st, after a voyage of twenty-three days, he arrived in California, exhausted by the hardships of the long journey. He was able, however, to write: "I have been much alone as regards men, on the way, but I have not been solitary. The day and night have been full of God; and with Him I have both waked and slept." To his dear church he wrote: "and I present you to God, in my prayers, day and night."

Everything in that strange new world of "California, 1856" caught his eager interest and keen attention. The mines, the miners, the Vigilance Committee, the cowboys, the ranches, the countryside, the flowers, the Big Trees,—

"Anakims of the forest, magnificently old, the Park of the Lord Almighty,"— the Mission Peak, "four times as high as Bolton mountain." He writes from this "beautiful Aceldama" of "hemp and chivalry," that it would not surprise him to learn that fire and murder were as loose in San Francisco as in the days of Robespierre. He suffered to the extent of losing his gold watch, his "vade mecum,' 'a "kind of mechanical wife." Three months after his arrival he was asked to be President of the College of California. He did not feel able to accept or refuse the nomination; but he promised gladly to interest himself at once in the institution; to help in raising the endowment; and to work with their committee in finding a location.

The next six months were joyfully devoted to searching for a site for the new college. He rides over the whole region, examining the land, trying the climate, now driving a pair of mules ten miles, now walking twelve miles, working with engineer's tools all the while, and all the time it was "a kind of work, or rather play." His horse was "a dear little filley that has been wings to me in my rides." He clambers down deep ravines, examines views and prospects, explores watercourses, discovers quarries, inquiring, prospecting, obtaining terms, looking up titles, neglecting nothing. From this July to January this most refreshing work, or play continued.

These investigations enable him to submit a report to the Trustees commending eight locations: Martinez, Petaluma Valley, Sonoma Valley, the Valley owned by Senor Sunole, San José, San Pablo, Clinton, and Napa. Finally, the Trustees decided on Clinton, the site most preferred by Dr. Bushnell, and the college was named "Berkeley"— and that is another story. He left the question of the Presidency open, and did not formally decline until 1861.

While he was engaged in this collegiate prospecting, he turned his eager mind also to a problem engaging at that time the study of railroad engineers: What should be the route of the California end of the Pacific Railroad? He surveyed in his mind a route which he believed was the right one; and when the road was built, his route was the one selected by the engineers.

In January, 1857, he left California, apparently in perfect health, and reached Hartford after a long voyage. He was most happy to be home again in the dear household on Winthrop Street, and in the beloved pulpit of the North Church. His first sermon was one of his most famous: "Spiritual Dislodgements," from the striking text: "Moab hath been at ease from his youth, and he hath settled on his lees, and hath not been emptied from vessel to vessel, neither hath he gone into captivity; therefore, his taste remained in him, and his scent is not changed." He dug the text from the Bible, but he delved for the sermon in his own experience. He was no Moabite for he could out of his own life declare: "that we require to be unsettled in life by many changes and interruptions of adversity, in order to be most effectually loosened from our own evils, and prepared to the will and work of God."

For two years practically he had been absent from his church. He plunged into the work. He preached every Sunday fresh and stimulating sermons. He brought to the Thursday night meetings original and inspiring material which made those services among the best in his ministry. He visited the parish, and called faithfully on the sick; almost every Monday morning found him at the home of Thomas Winship, and by the bedside of his invalid daughter. That winter of 1857 was darkened by the panic of '57. To the great encouragement and comfort of his people, he preached a brave sermon, "A Week-day Sermon to the Business Men of Hartford," which was printed in the "Courant." In the Thanksgiving Day Sermon of 1857 he rejoices over the vote of Kansas to be a free state: "Make the day thanksgiving! Crown it with a hymn!"

The next winter of 1857-58 he worked unusually hard: sermons every Sunday, talks on Thursday evenings, meeting people for conversation, rewriting or revising one sermon a week for the press, preparing for publication his book entitled "Sermons for the New Life." The pace was telling on him, even though he had apparently regained his health in California, and his generous church urged him to consider an assistant.

In the Autumn of 1858 he published the book "Nature and the Supernatural," on which he had been working these last years, which had long been the subject of his study, and the beginning of which was found in his reading of Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection" in the Divinity School. Dr. Munger considers this, "Bushnell's most thorough and complete treatise." His daughter, in her biography, reports that Horace Bushnell believed it was "the best contribution he could make to the thought of the world."

The thesis of "Nature and the Supernatural" is: "Nature is that world of substances, whose laws are laws of cause and effect, and whose events transpire in orderly succession under those laws; the supernatural is that range of substance, if any such there be, that acts upon the chain of cause and effect in nature from without the chain, producing thus, results, that, by mere nature, could not come to pass." He emphasizes two things: first, the supernatural does not imply a suspension of the laws of nature; second, man is a supernatural being, by virtue of a personality rooted and grounded in a will. He finds freedom "in the indisputable report of consciousness." He believes Holiness is God's great end in existence. Sin stands before him as a great reality.

Much in the book would not bear the critical examination of either scientist or theologian. Munger says "he runs close to the evolutionary theory of creation, but rejects it on grounds which no longer have force." And again: "Agassiz's classification of species was the limit of his scientific acceptance of it." And yet after all you find here "a foreshadowing of the interpretation which Christian thought is now putting on Evolution." The scientist will revise much of the description of the universe in which we live. And no doubt Bushnell, himself, with his honest mind, always ready to adventure on new seas, when from the headland of a great discovery he saw new worlds of truth before him, would be among the first to agree to such revisions. But on the whole the book moves in the right direction on the right road. He is speaking for a unified world. A house divided against itself cannot stand. No more can a universe. He protests against a world altogether natural and mechanistic. He protests no less against a world altogether supernatural and unreal. He reasons for a world in which nature and supernatural are one, a unity, one and indivisible, now and forever. The natural world is the world of things. The supernatural world is the world of powers, and values, and judgments, and ideas. The scientist works in the world of things. The theologians work in the world of values and ideas. Those worlds are one and indivisible. There is no conflict between them. There is no conflict between science and theology. There is no quarrel between the scientist and the theologian. Both make the assumption that they can interpret reality, seen and unseen. Both make the assumption that there are laws governing the reality they seek to interpret. Science is the study of physical realities. Theology is the study of spiritual realities. The wise theologian will be a good scientist, building his house on a rock. The wise scientist will be a good theologian, having his casement windows open toward the unseen cities of God. Horace Bushnell in this book, then, speaks for a spiritual universe, protests against a mechanistic world, and declares for a unity in which both Science and Theology are discoverers of Truth.

In such a Science and in such a Theology, religion is of the nature of experience. Religion is man's experience in the world of things, in the world of man, in the world of God. The Christian religion is man's experience lifted up to behold and to receive, the supreme experience of Christ in God. Therefore in this book we find Bushnell turning to his experience as the material for his theology. His experience, when experimentally proved, becomes a conviction, and he rests in the conviction. Therefore in this book the greatest chapter is the famous tenth, on the Character of Christ. Christ is humanity's supreme experience of God, experimentally proved in the Christian experience, in whom the Christian, as in a conviction and a life abundant, and a new and living way, lives and moves and has his being, proceeding on his pilgrimage to

God. Christ does not "speculate about God." He simply "speaks of God and spiritual things as one who has come out from Him, to tell us what he knows."

Following the publication of this book in the autumn of 1858, came the winter's work in the parish. But the strain and burden of the two years since he had left California, had been too heavy. His symptoms were worse than they had ever been. His pulpit had to be supplied with another preacher. And in the spring of 1859, he submitted his resignation as minister of the North Church. He made plans to break up his home and to leave Hartford. In July, he preached his farewell sermon, "Parting Words," from the text: "Weep not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away; for he shall return no more, nor see his native country."

This was a lamentation which no suffering had hitherto drawn from him. An active ministry of twenty-six years in the church of Christ had drawn to a conclusion.

That ministry was a mutual loyalty between minister and people of unusual nobility. The North Church was the only church he served as parish minister. He came to them in that snowstorm in 1833, when they were divided into Old School and New School. He had remained with them, these twenty-six years, until now they were no more Old School, or New School, but only and truly of the School of Christ; and he thanked God upon every remembrance of them. They had given him fellowship, friendship, and love, without measure and without price. They had been his fortress and his sure defense in the days of controversy. What a proud record they possessed! Never could even three people in that congregation be found who would sign the petition against their minister!

Horace Bushnell was distinctly a great preacher and pastor. He was a great preacher of the mysteries of God, in the light of Christ. His message was: God in Christ. He preached as a man who had seen a vision, and who was resolved never to be disobedient to his heavenly vision. Men would go away from his service saying: "That was great preaching — great preaching." His prayers, too, in the pulpit, as one might expect from a preacher on spiritual realities, were the audible communings of his soul with God. Those who heard that praying could exclaim: "Dr. Bushnell is the only minister I hear who prays. Others tell God their creeds and what they know. He pleads with God for what he wants and needs."

He was a pastor, who, whatever his hand found to do, did it with all his might. "Does no one remember his visiting a blind man one cool day in autumn and finding the poor man in a chill because no one could be found to put up his stove?" Dr. Bushnell "soon remedied the evil by putting stove and pipe in their place, and left the room warm and comfortable." He writes to the North Church, like Paul to the church in Philippi: "My dear flock,— I must call you mine — my friends, my brethren, the companions of my toil, the supporters of my weakness, the patient endurers of my faults, the wall God raises against my enemies." He writes this brave word of comfort to the invalid, shut in a room for many years: "That room is a small place for one that has so large a title; that bed and gathered-up position a narrow cage for one whose wings are plumed for so long a flight. But the future eagle is not any less an eagle that is gathered for awhile in the compass of a nest. Besides, the imprisonment of the body does not hamper or confine the soul. That can range and occupy the universe. Thanks be to God, the mind that loves Him must be free. Many a soul is loose, having all eternity and space, that cannot lift the clod it inhabits. It is ever the nature of true faith that it scorns all outward restrictions, all bodily weakness and pain."

Such was the living water drawn from the well of his experience and the ministry of twenty-six years. Here was a minister of Christ who had learned for himself the lesson that the mind that loves God must be free.

CHAPTER VIII

1859-1866

THE GREAT CITIZEN

IN July, 1859, after he had preached his farewell sermon, he finished his plans to leave Hartford for a winter in Minnesota. He went alone to St. Anthony; later his wife joined him; the three daughters were left in the East. In August he was writing: "I am doing absolutely nothing but loaf, ride, eat and sleep. I have ridden horseback today about twenty miles, enjoyed it mightily, and have even been tired enough to sleep." And so the winter passed away: "Such a winter climate, so dry, and bright and still, I never saw!"

In May they returned to Hartford; and from June, 1860 to January, 1861, he was in Clifton Springs. In that summer he republished "Christian Nurture" greatly enlarged and revised; and the tenth chapter of "Nature and the Supernatural" as a little book with the title "The Character of Jesus." He said of himself at this time that he was simply "waiting in sublime inefficiency for time to run away." As a matter of fact, he was showing forth all the time the victory of soul over body, for after an exhausting night, and weary hours of coughing, in the dawn, he would turn to all the day held for him, work or play, with the zeal of a boy. "Zeal, whose substance is ethereal, arming in complete diamond, ascends his fiery chariot." In April, 1861 — momentous days!— he was back in Hartford. And now he had decided there would be no more experiments in geography and the search for health. Hartford, henceforth, would be his home for whatever length of days remained to him. Here he had lived; here he would die; here he would be buried; and here he would abide, "a resurrection guest."

During that eventful year, his mind, with all his fellow-citizens, turned to the conditions of his country. "The state of the country discomposes and untones everything:— fearful times for our country;— how dreadfully is it shown that slavery is barbarism; really sad times for my country such as I never expected my children to see."

He is one of the men who has the prophetic insight to see great realities in Abraham Lincoln. His judgment penetrates the contemporary and transient in the character of the great President, and rests upon the eternal and the permanent. He writes in February, 1861, concerning Lincoln: his "wisdom, weight and highest statesmanship in a simply honest mind — I have a considerable faith that he may turn out one of the best and even ablest Presidents we have had." He thanks God we have "a man to lead us." He cries out in sympathy: "What a load poor Lincoln has upon him! If any man ever wanted light and strength from above it is he. Good people, praying people, ought to pray for him now, not as by ceremony, but with meaning. May God save the dear country!"

When Civil War came, he faced the crisis with fortitude and courage and determined faith. He had the spirit of a brave man whose courage and cheer and resourcefulness, rise with the danger and move with confidence to meet the perils. "I thank God that I have been allowed to see this day. I would do it even if we should be sorely beaten at first — nay, to the end. Better to have a country worthy of adversity than one that is subject to shame and just contempt."

He preached sermons of good cheer and faith and hope in those dark days. Wars are won or lost by the "morale" of the peoples; and it was his great contribution to that national crisis, to give as a great citizen, his vision of the eternal morality in that conflict; and to strengthen by that vision the "morale" of his countrymen. Where there is no such vision the people perish. He watched anxiously over every campaign. He kept his head up in the trying times, and his heart high in the day of defeat. After Hooker's disaster on the Rappahannock he could rouse himself and others with the challenge: "No time now for heart-sickening or low regrets of any kind. Our mourning should have something of thunder in it." He felt profoundly the "terrible throes this new campaign of Grant is costing us." Yet he gave to General Grant generous admiration and enthusiastic regard, and steadfast devotion. He could bring comfort, even the comfort wherewith we are comforted in Christ, to those in sorrow and the shadow of death; and he has left an expression of this compassion in a phrase which has the spirit of scripture: "Soften your grief with much thanksgiving."

At the conclusion of the conflict he was selected to give the oration in Yale College, at the Commemoration Celebration in honor of the alumni who had served in the War. His subject was: "Our Obligations to the Dead." Henry Clay Trumbull who saw him and heard him on that occasion, wrote: "He stood there like an inspired prophet of old to give his message and to bear his witness. He had in one sense been in more battles than any veteran before him. His face and figure showed scars that came of conflicts with intellectual and spiritual giants. And in his countenance was the clear light of assured triumph in faith. All present looked up to him with admiration and reverence. But the temptation to speak words of praise and honor to the heroes before him had no power to swerve him from his duty of pointing all to the recognition of 'Our Obligations to the Dead'." The Yale oration strikes the same high and solemn chord as the Gettysburg address: "Our dead have a distinctive right of honor in the simple fact that they were the victims in that great sacrifice of blood which has opened for us a new chapter of life. They have bled for us, and from that shedding of blood have come for us great remissions and redemptions."

The boy who had come to Yale in 1823 from the hills of Litchfield, was now the man in 1865, who as a veteran in that war in which there is no discharge, was able to lift up the hearts of Yale men to the hills from whence cometh our help.

During these years he was receiving the full recognition of a quality which indeed had been active in his life from the beginning of his settlement in Hartford, and which naturally developed with the growth of his character; and that quality was citizenship. He was a citizen in no mean city; and he achieved in the appreciation and understanding of his fellow citizens the high distinction of a great citizen. He was interested in all things which concerned the life of the community. His training on the farm and in the mill, his studies in Litchfield schools and Yale College, had educated both his hand and head. His preparation for the law, and his experience in journalism, had given a wider margin of interest to his profession as a minister. Here was a man who could do many things. He could mow with a scythe in more ways than one. He could take all the machinery apart, in his father's mill, and put it together again. He could build, as a young man, a stone dam, that would still be standing, strong, erect, effective, when he was an old man. He invented a furnace, with which he heated his own house, long before furnaces were common. He was his own gardener, his own farmer, his own mechanic. He would "work his brains" for recreation, on a modification of a new engine which he thought suggested "a valuable principle in mechanics."

Especially did he have a passion for roads. As we have seen, when he was in California, he studied the problem of the western end of the Pacific Railroad; and the route which he suggested was finally the one selected by the engineers. When he took his children for a picnic to "Bolton Mountain" he showed them how, in his opinion, the railroad should have gone. His settlement in Hartford in 1833 was coincident with the beginning of the railroad era. His interest in this industrial development is shown by the letter he wrote, prophesying that these roads would attain vast economic importance, and now was the time to arrange their grades, and especially to separate the grades of highways and railways, or later the work would cost billions. Time proved his prophecy.

His interest was given generously to all citizens; bankers, shoemakers, lawyers, carpenters, doctors, farmers, merchants, artists. He enjoyed dropping in at the book store, and talking with other visitors on all subjects, political, theological, economic, social. He climbed the stairs to the studio of a young artist, Charles Noël Flagg, and urged him to go to Paris to study. "You now know more than the cow knows; but if you go to Paris and study hard, you will then know more than you now know than the cow knows." "He had it in him," said his friend, Dr. Bartol, in Boston, "to be an artist, architect, road builder, city builder, as well as scholar; and well is your Hartford park called by his name."

"Bushnell Park" is one of the most important expressions of his citizenship. It is a permanent memorial to his vision and perseverance. And the history of the Park should always be a source of inspiration to the citizens of Hartford. When we see what was done by the town of 15,000, we may imagine what can be done by the city of 200,000. He had long felt the need of such a park. Walking round and round his city, marking well her streets, and yards, and buildings, her delinquencies and her possibilities, his keen eye discovered in the center of the city the place for his park. There, the inward eye of his imagination beheld the park with lawns, and trees, and flowers, and fountains. Other eyes beheld tenements, slums, garbage, and all manner of waste. It was remarkable to his kindling eye that "we had a place so appropriate reserved by its dishonor, for a use so honorable." The god-forsaken look of the premises was appalling. There were eight or ten low tenements and as many pigsties; all the garbage and truck of a city; a veritable Gehenna of tin-waste, leather-cuttings, cabbage stumps, old hats, old saddles, and rusted stove pipes. There were two great gravel holes. There were the car house and the freight house and the engine house of the railroad. There were wood-work and iron-work shops, and ashes and cinders. Those were the facts he faced, and Bushnell Park was the vision he saw with his imagination; for he used in building a park the same faculty he employed in constructing a theology.

His first step was strategic. He secured a provision, amending the City Charter, allowing the City to take ground for a park by appraisal. He, then, sent a petition to the Council that they would hear him on a plan for a park in the center of the city. Goodnaturedly, they agreed. He carried to their meeting, and spread before them in the room, a large map of the ground, with all the walks, drives, and fountains. He gave a running exposition of the plan for more than an hour, striving especially to arouse their imaginations to see the picture it would make, so different from the filthy thing it was — "knowing well if the imagination were carried the judgment would be." What an engineer of men and things is heard in those wise and prophetic words! "I took them," he said, "on the high grounds, in this manner, to look down the sloping lawns, round upon the city spires standing guard in their places, and out, through the street vistas, opened here and there on some of the fine frontage presented. I then passed round to look on the park itself in full dress, through the same vistas inverted; making much here of the fact that our two railroads pass by together on a high bank just across the narrow river, so that all travellers and strangers, coming in or passing through, will look directly across the lawns and up the slopes of College Hill, deriving thus their first and best possible impressions of the City. I did not omit, also, to speak of the wretched, filthy quarter shortly to be steaming here, if this improvement fails, and already giving notification of the City by smell, and not by beauty in the eye. I seemed on the whole to have made an impression quite as favorable as I expected."

The question was referred to a Committee who, after working hard on the boundaries, titles, and values of thirty or forty properties, reported unanimously in favor of the improvement. It was then submitted to the people, in January, 1854, and the plan was approved by a vote of three to one.

"It now remained," said Dr. Bushnell, "to get in the titles to the property, and as the matter was not pressed by the Committee faster than matters of only public interest commonly are, I made myself the two principal contracts for the property, comprising more than half the total amount, and had the documents prepared for them, waiting only execution by them, in the forms of law; foreseeing that when this was done, as it shortly was, the matter would be fastened, and it must somehow go on to completion." Again, what a wise engineer of men and events he was!

Still the park was far from being a reality. When he returned to Hartford in 1856, after an absence of almost two years, he found nothing had been done to obtain the other properties.

Once more he set to work. He had to move simply as an individual; he was no official, and he did not want to be a nuisance. So he used one argument, quietly, but effectively, like a lever, to move those in charge! "Are you proposing to lose for the city, the fifty or sixty thousand dollars already expended, or will you save it by going on to make it available?" As a result of this happy pressure, all the other properties were bought in, and the city had a full right in fee in the new property.

His hills of difficulty were, however, still before him. For now a proposal was made in the Council, to sell this valuable land and buy a smaller ground on Charter Oak Hill. This was defeated; and new difficulties appeared. The Plan of the Park! A prize competition brought in eight or ten, presenting problems in judicious selection. Finally, he secured permission from the Council to have the City engineer, Mr. Marsh, prepare a plan which on the whole was the most satisfactory.

So there came into consummation the park, which shortly before his death was named by the city in his honor, "Bushnell Park," a permanent memorial to a great citizen.

Those qualities of citizenship which found a singular and abiding expression in the work for the Park, were in evidence, however, all through the years of his residence in Hartford. He was one of the first advocates for bridging the railroad crossing on Asylum Street, and in 1881, after his death, his suggestions and plans were often referred to. He was one of the advocates for bringing the water power of the Connecticut down to the City by means of a canal. As a minister of the "standing order," heir of the great New England tradition, in which the minister was a man of God and a man among men, he took a keen and intelligent interest in all that concerned his city. It came to be said of him that he was "back of all that is best in the City." One of his fellow citizens paid him this proud tribute: "in nothing had Dr. Bushnell done so much for the prosperity of the city as in making men; he taught them large thoughts and to use their minds."

This influence he exerted because he himself had large thoughts and used his own mind. From the very beginning of his ministry, he had worked his own mind on the great questions which concerned the citizenry of his day. His first publication, 1839, was a discourse, on "Slavery," in which he expressed himself even in that first discourse in the independent spirit and "comprehensive vein," so characteristic of his later writings. His oration at Yale College, in 1843, on the "Growth of Law," again concerned itself with slavery. Though he is firmly opposed to Slavery, he sympathizes with the South in their peculiar difficulties, and does not go to the extremes of many in the North. His interest in all the problems which concerned the mind of America from 1833 to 1876 is seen in the very titles of many of his addresses and essays: "The True Wealth and Weal of Nations"; "The Historical Estimate of Connecticut"; "The Day of Roads"; "City Plans"; "Common Schools"; "Popular Government by Divine Right"; "Barbarism, the First Danger"; "The Oregon Question"; "A Discourse on the Slavery Question"; "American Politics"; "Politics Under the Law of God"; "Prosperity, Our Duty"; "Society and Religion"; "The Age of Homespun." In all such discourses he was an expositor of the past, an interpreter of the present, a revealer of the future. He called to their remembrance the moral stabilities and spiritual visions which made the men who wore homespun worthy to stand before kings. He held firmly and bravely before them the things that could not be shaken, in a day and generation when all things were being shaken, in order that the things which could not be shaken might abide. He revealed with prophetic power to their kindling imaginations the city of the future, and above all that continuing city which hath the foundations whose builder and maker is God. He recalled the valor and virtue of those Puritans who established this commonwealth in order that they by their valor and their virtue might leave to their children and their children's children an abiding commonwealth under God.

Of such was his faith and hope in the commonwealth of Connecticut. His "Historical Estimate of Connecticut" is a glowing tribute to his state. He speaks of the values of small states: Attica, Florence, Flanders, Holland, England. He says our country combines the values of a great country, as in the Republic of the United States, and of a small state, as in Connecticut. He is proud of the character of the first settlements in Connecticut. Here the first written constitution originated in the new world, the type of all that came after, even the constitution of the United States. During the Revolution, Connecticut was the second state as regards the amount of military force contributed to the common cause: 25 regiments of militia and 22 in service out of the state at one and the same time. This same historical estimate of the past is found in the address: "The Founders Great in Their Unconsciousness": a declaration for the necessity of a divine power working through the men and women who obey the duty of the present hour under God, unconscious of the future, undaunted by the future, for they know the future can have unimaginable greatness, if they have present and absolute fidelity. He could say with truth: "The man who does not love and honor the state in which he and his children are born, has no heart in his bosom."

This intelligent interest and affectionate concern, of which his love for his state was a large part, made him a lover of men and therefore a great citizen. He gave his loving heart, and eager mind to all that properly concerned mankind. A rich humanity was the foundation of his citizenship. He could climb mountains in Keene Valley, or fish in a Litchfield lake or brook, or walk a country road, or drive a horse, with the same enthusiasm and delight with which he considered parks, and schools, and roads and government, and slavery. Charles Hopkins Clark, who as a boy went fishing with him, wrote of that rich humanity: "From the time that I was about fifteen until after my graduation from Yale, Dr. Bushnell and I spent each summer together at Deacon Hopkins' on the north side of Lake Waramaug in Warren, only a short distance from New Preston, the village at the foot of the lake, where Dr. Bushnell had grown up from boyhood to manhood. We were on the water fishing every day when the weather permitted. Dr. Bushnell loved to fish . . . Dr. Bushnell and I had a boat. I would do the rowing and he would hold the line as we trolled. Those who are familiar with this form of sport need not be informed that, while a philosopher can prove that it takes both persons to catch the fish under such circumstances, still the pleasure of the occasion goes to one and the exercise to the other. I got the exercise, but I had the company too. And when the boat was at anchor each had the same chance." And the same friend and companion adds: "But the Doctor was not merely a fisherman. He was fond of all phases of nature. He took great pleasure in horses and in driving, and he always drove from Hartford to Warren about 45 miles. My recollection is that quite often he would sell his horse in the fall, and buy a new one in the spring. I know that first and last he had a good many. He named them in his original way. One big, raw-boned fellow, with high hips and very sharp, sloping withers, he named 'Gothic,' in recognition of his architectural suggestiveness . . .

"The Doctor was a great walker too, taking in all there was to see and much that many could not see. He knew all the flowers and trees, and wherever he went had a way of cutting odd sticks for canes."

In all these many, various, and several ways, Horace Bushnell learned to walk with his fellow-citizens, in a blessed covenant and companionship, until he came to be recognized by them as their great citizen.

"He moved in and out among his fellow-citizens here in Hartford, a giant, who, however, felt no greater than the smaller folk about him. It was his way for many years as he went to and fro between his home and the post office to step in at the stores, banks, editorial rooms, and business offices, settle himself down in a chair, and discuss with his friends there in most familiar fashion the topics of the day. His sentiment towards all his fellow-men was one of universal good will.

"In appearance he was different from everybody else. As I remember his dress, it was altogether plain and rather of the homespun order. . . . But it is his face that stays in my memory, and will always seem to me the most beautiful I ever saw on a man. His deep set eyes looked out from their thoughtful home in a way that suggested his vast intellectual strength, and at the same time there was a radiant softness and gentleness of expression that robbed the strength of its severity. And when those eyes mellowed with the light of affectionate welcome it was like a benediction."

This was the man who never stopped thinking, never stopped living, never stopped loving, and who therefore became a great citizen in Hartford. He built his house on Winthrop Street when there was no street there; the street had to come to him. He built his intellectual houses where there were no streets; but those streets of the mind came also to the places where he stood and where he beheld visions of God for the good of man. He was a great citizen of Hartford, because he was first of all a citizen of the city of God.

Therefore, his fellow-citizens in Hartford will see in the great building now rising to the dear memory of Horace Bushnell, through the generous devotion of his daughter, not only a noble edifice consecrated to the glory of music, and the spoken word, but also a noble life dedicated to that higher harmony which is of the nature of God, and devoted to that living among men which is of the character of Christ.

CHAPTER IX

THE MINISTRY AT LARGE

1865-1876

THE LAST DAYS

THE close of the War found Horace Bushnell and his daughter and a friend visiting some of the scenes of the great struggle; they stood on Gettysburg, sailed up the James River, and stayed in Richmond. That year, 1866, saw the publication of the book on which he had been working, "The Vicarious Sacrifice Grounded in Principles of Universal Obligation," a great subject to engage his mind, and most appropriate for consideration during that national experience in vicarious sacrifice. In that summer, he delivered at Andover the address on "Pulpit Talent," a manual for ministers, wise and keen and forcible. The next year was one of comparative leisure; but 1868 saw the publication of several articles: "Science and Religion," and "Building Eras in Religion."

The summers of 1868 and 1869 were happy holidays in Keene Valley, in the Adirondacks.

In this beautiful valley, girded with mountains, he found a felicity natural to one who had been nurtured in the hills, and a constant challenge to the energy which always urged him on despite his handicap in health. Those mountains had to be climbed and conquered even by unknown routes, and the enduring satisfaction was to feel at last the top of the mountain under his feet. For a man sixty-seven years old, and practically an invalid, he did an amazing amount of walking, climbing, and fishing. In those excursions his companions felt the sovereignty of the spirit. This was especially true when they had their evening prayers in the forest. Dr. Twitchell says: "I shall never forget one night when I was alone with him, away up on the side of Mount Marcy, when it came time to sleep, and I asked him to pray, how turning on his face (for we were both lying down) he began in his natural voice, but with a tone as soft and still and melodious as the low murmur of the stream that ran by our camp, what seemed for all the world like talking with some person who was next to him, but whom I did not see. And so he continued communing sweetly in expressions of adoring thanks, and love, and humility, and trust, and blessed hope with that near Presence; till when he ended I found every other feeling swallowed up in the thought that God was there."

This sovereignty of the spirit expressed itself in patience and uncomplaining endurance, and in sheer pluck and grit. Dr. Twitchell, who was his companion on many of the Keene Valley expeditions, speaks of one day when they lost their trail: "I did all I could to get the Doctor to sit still and rest while the guides took the observations the case called for. But no, he could not delegate such a matter as finding out the way to go right, and so he went clambering here and there, over the rocks and fallen timber (it was an exceedingly rough place), charged with the whole responsibility of the situation, till the problem was solved. The exertions he had made, however, brought on presently a hemorrhage to which he was subject . . . by the time we stopped to go into camp he was very weak. During the night he continued to raise blood, and grew feverish, and slept hardly at all; and, as if to complete the misery of his plight, it came on to rain. In the morning he found himself quite unable to proceed. I was in utter distress, and did not know what to do, for we were miles from any house. It looked as if he might die there. But after lying still under the bough-shelter through the day, telling me all the while not to worry, toward evening he began to revive and feel a good deal better, and that night he rested. In the morning he rose and stirred about a little, and said, 'Well, I'm on my feet again. We'll march today.' Of course I had no notion, under the circumstances, of his marching anywhere but straight back home by the shortest route, and in some way I implied that. Whereupon, to my equal surprise and dismay, he exclaimed, 'No, indeed; we are not going back; we are going *on* — unless you give out.' And, accordingly, on we went, and travelled three whole days more, and accomplished what we set out to do before we returned."

That was indeed a parable of his life: "We are going on." And all he asked for was "the glory of going on." This continuing power was with him in 1869. Many articles were published by him that year in "Hours at Home." A very notable essay was: "Our Gospel a Gift to the Imagination," which restates in more compact form the ideas expressed twenty years before in the dissertation on Language: "all God's revelation made to the imagination." In that spring he preached a sermon with a title, characteristic of one whose first and notable book was on

Christian Nurture, "God's Thoughts Fit Bread for Children." In 1870 he preached for three months in the South Church when Dr. Parker was in Europe; and in these last years he was often heard in the Park Church, the Asylum Hill Church and the South Church.

He never stopped working. All that he asked for was the glory of going on. In 1871 he was several weeks in New Haven, preaching repeatedly in the College Chapel; and in that year Yale honored her great son by giving him the degree of LL. D.

These summers found him returning to Lake Waramaug, where he had grown up as a boy, and where he now had for a companion, Charles Hopkins Clark, then a boy of fifteen. He said to his daughters: "You may never be here with me again, and I want to take you to my old home and over the old farm." And Mrs. Cheney writes in her biography: "We went and saw the stalwart maples before the door of the homestead, which he had himself brought down as saplings, from the mountain, upon his shoulder and planted there. We drank of the delicious cold spring beneath a fine tree, where he used sometimes to take his nooning when at farm work, snatching perhaps a little time for study as a seasoning for the dinner pail. There was his boasted piece of stone wall, proof of the accuracy of his eye, as firm now as when he laid it fifty years ago. Each stone fits snugly in its place, the corresponding surfaces having come together as if by some law of hidden affinity. It is doubtful if he ever was as well satisfied with any of his writings as he was with that stone wall. There, too, in the same field if I mistake not, was the big boulder, in the shadow of which he had once prayed in youthful doubt and distress, with, perhaps some unconscious allusion to the 'shadow of a great rock in a weary land' and whence, even in boyhood, his heart had exhaled in mist at sunrise the dew of its heavenward aspirations. He spoke to us, as often before, of his good and wise mother, the capable housewife and caretaker, the discreet adviser and patient manager of wayward boyhood. Yonder on the hill, was the church — the meetinghouse rather — whither he used to trudge on Sundays at his mother's side, to listen to that old-time religious teaching, on 'whose hard anvils of abstraction the blows of thought must needs be ever ringing.' There down in the hollow was the dam which he built for his father's mill. The mill is long since gone to ruin, but the dam remains in good condition."

The summers of '71, '72 and '73 were spent in Ripton, Vermont, and the winters in Hartford. In these years he was working on the last book published while he was living: "Forgivenesss and Law." During those same years he prepared for the press his volume of sermons "Living Subjects"; and wrote a series of articles on "Prayer." His praying had always been a real "sursum corda," and so he could speak of it out of experience: "I fell into a habit years ago of talking with God, and it became so natural, that in all my open spaces I do it without thought. I talk myself often to sleep at night, and open the morning talking as it were. It is not supplication or ejaculation or adoration, but a friendly way of contemplation and personal intercourse. In one view it is not prayer; but I so much love it as to sometimes let it take the place of prayer when it should not."

In those summers of 1871 and 1872, occupied with his writing and his fishing, he was still able to do strenuous work in the woods and along the brooks. In 1872, when he was seventy, he writes: "I have had two rough times out a-fishing; once when out with Mr. Eldridge, when I must have walked about twelve miles in the woods including two miles of the most awful tussle with logs, briers, and all the horrid fencing of tree-falls, just to pay for getting off the trail and the blazed path by carelessness. But it did not hurt me; and Friday I took about eight miles of brook fishing again in the woods, to show that I am certainly as good as ever."

But this strenuous play was forbidden by the doctors in '73. He was forced now to content himself with such a mild form of exercise as bowling. He was steadily beginning to weaken. The swordsman of the spirit who had kept death at bay for thirty years, saw now that inevitable blade flashing within his guard and ever closer to his heart. Yet he never surrendered. He never permitted himself, either, to be taken prisoner by his infirmities. He went out in all weathers — a valiant figure in homespun, walking almost to the last with that long, springy walk, and swinging that companionable stick. When asked "How is your health, Doctor?" he would answer cheerfully: "I haven't any," or "I'm here yet," or "I'm one of the last vestiges of creation." When told that the Ministers' Meeting was discussing "Abiding in Christ," he said if he went, he would say one thing: "that abiding in Christ is to abide. It is an act. We are not to bask." Nor did he allow himself to bask. He started another book which was never finished: "Inspiration: its Modes and Uses, whether as Related to Character, Revelation or Action." Under this title he wrote, "I begin this day January 22, 1875, a tract or treatise on the Holy Spirit and his work, which I have long been desiring to prepare, but have been detained formerly by other engagements, and of late by advanced age and the growing incapacity of disease. It does not seem to me that I can ever fully execute so heavy a work; but I can begin it, and God will permit me to go on, or stop me when He pleases, and to Him I gladly submit the result." This statement of desire is followed by the invocation: "Help me, O Eternal Spirit, whose ways I am engaged to interpret, to be in the sense at all times of thy pure teaching, and to speak of what thou givest me presently to know."

This work he never finished. He was close to death in 1875. Indeed, the Pilgrim seemed for a time to have heard his summons, and he drew nigh to his departure. But he came slowly back to a brief interval in time. He kept his cane beside his bed; an outward and visible sign of the days of his strength. He sat for hours in his beloved Park. He went to church and sat in a chair, at the front. He said: "I do love to go to church." He could write this tender and humble description of his life: "My figure in this world has not been great, but I have had a great experience. I have never been a great agitator, never pulled a wire to get the will of men, never did a politic thing. It was not for this reason, but because I was looked upon as a singularity — not exactly sane, perhaps, in many things — that I was almost never a president or vice-president of any society, and almost never on a committee. Take the report of my doings on the platform of the world's business, and it is naught. I have filled no place at all. But still it has been a great thing even for me to live. In my separate and merely personal kind of life, I have had a greater epic transacted than was ever written, or could be. The little turns of my life have turned great changes,— what I am now as distinguished from the merely mollusk and pulpy state of infancy; the drawing-out of my powers, the correcting of my errors, the winnowing of my faults, the washing of my sins; that which has given me principles, opinions, and more than all a faith, and as fruit of this, an abiding in the sense and free partaking of the life of God." He wrote to his College class-mate, William Adams, "Now I give up my projects and my subjects and gather myself in to get my last lessons from God." He wrote to his old friend Dr. Bartol in Boston, with whom he had corresponded twenty years: "my boat swings drowsily." That was the last day of December, 1875. The new year, 1876, brought certain signs that now indeed the summons had come for Mr. Valiant-for-truth — "that his pitcher was broken at the fountain —" for he had brought to many the living water from that fountain of life. He also might have said: "I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now do I not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword, I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles, who will now be my rewarder." On February 17, 1876, "while the stars were still shining in the clear and distant heavens," Horace Bushnell entered into life eternal.

For such a man never dies. He lives and

moves and has his being in God. He lives today among men because he lived yesterday so truly with God. The man who abides in Christ, abides forever. Horace Bushnell labored "to abide" and not "to bask" in Christ. He was first and last a minister of the Church of Christ. That was his office. That was his work. That was his life. That was his glory. To that cause and for that purpose, all the other and many interests of his life were subordinate. As a minister, he was preeminently a preacher, and a preacher of the gospel of Christ. That one subject was the sovereign message of his pulpit. His sermons are living subjects for a new day, because they always bring the good news of Christ and His salvation.

In his work as a minister and preacher, Horace Bushnell was one with "the goodly fellowship of the Prophets." He was prophetic in the sense of insight and far sight. He saw into a subject and an idea. And he saw far ahead into the future possibilities and consequences of ideas and deeds. His book "Christian Nurture" is a prophetic book. For we build today, in all our ideal forms of the social order, on the foundation which he declared; and that foundation is the potential good in human nature. In every individual is the possibility, inherent in the fact that every man is a child of God. And the ideal life is this: that potential good is so to grow, in wisdom, in stature, and in favor with God and man, that it will never know itself as being otherwise than of the nature of the Eternal Goodness.

Moreover as one of the prophetic interpreters of God in Christ he is worthy to be remembered among those who have seen visions and dreamed dreams, to the glory of God and to the increase of Christ's kingdom on earth. We call such men and women, "Christian mystics," "practical mystics." Whatever names we give them these are they who have entered into the cloud and there have seen the light, and have not been disobedient to their Heavenly Vision. Religion, to such living and life-giving spirits, is a first-hand experience and not a second-hand report. They hear the voices in the winds; they read the gospels in the flowers of the field; they dream of Bethlehems beyond the stars; they dare to follow where the winds are calling; they prove all things, they hold fast that which is true. Such an experience came to Horace Bushnell a boy on the farm, when he knelt within the shadow of a great rock and when he wrote at nineteen:

"The Lord in His tender mercy led me to Jesus." Such an experience came to him as a student in Yale College, where, his doubts dissolving before his honest faith that right is right, and wrong is wrong, he gave himself absolutely to the ministry of Christ and Christ's church. Such was the experience which came to him in his great year, 1848, when he could say with simplicity and truth: "I have seen the Gospel." And such was the nature of the experience which came to him at the end of his life, when he turned to write on the Holy Spirit. He was a prophetic liberator in theology. We today live in a liberty possible for those to whom religion is an experience, personal, individual, and spiritual: an experience, which has the courage to begin as an experiment, and which has the faith to end as a conviction; an experience which enables a man to hold in comprehensive understanding the defense of tradition and the discovery of new truth.

Furthermore and above all, Horace Bushnell saw truth and reality, through the light of the imagination. He was essentially a poet. It is very important always to remember that while in College he discovered Coleridge; and that all through his life Coleridge was the one leader in the world of letters to whom he gave his loyalty. Now Coleridge is above all the poet of the imagination. Both Coleridge and Bushnell express their ideas in terms of the imagination.

This is the reason why so many of Bushnell's contemporaries found it difficult or impossible to understand him. He spoke a different language. For him the gospel was a gift to the imagination. For him spiritual realities found their truest description in parables, allegories, and images. They could not be adequately described in the language of logic, and argument, and precise definitions. Even the language of the imagination which was the language of the poet, and which was the best language the theologian could use, was after all quite incomplete also, when you were laboring to make manifest the things which are not seen and which therefore are eternal.

This emphasis on the imagination as the most excellent and living way in which the gospel of Christ comes to the heart of man, becomes still more intelligible when we consider the spirit of the age in which Horace Bushnell lived. He lived in one of the great awakenings of creative thought. He lived in the nineteenth century when a new spirit of poetry was brooding over the minds and hearts of men; when a new spirit of liberty was moving over governments and kingdoms; when a new spirit of reform was working like a leaven in the social order; when an awakening interest in religion was transforming the habitations of the human heart, and the cruel slaveries of mortal bodies and minds. Here was a great century, worthy, as Whitehead says, to be ranked with the Seventeenth Century.

Now the ruling spirit of both those centuries, as that spirit moved over the face of the waters, was, as indeed the power of all great centuries must be, the spirit of the imagination. What all the great men of that spacious day shared in common was the conviction of the supreme worth of the imagination. Here was a vital force which rightly understood, rightly employed, could govern the floods of water and the tides of light; here was a power which truly apprehended could give a voice even to the meanest flower that blows and increase the light that lighteth every man in the world; here was a strength which if the Gods, and not the Giants, were employed, could remove mountains and join together the sounding seas.

This power of the imagination, which was the ruling spirit of the Nineteenth Century, dwelt richly in this New England child of that noble time. For him, the imagination was never a trick of the rhetorician; never a degradation to sentimentality. By the imagination he meant the ability to make an image; the capacity to understand and express the unknown, in the waving banner of a word, flying like a flag of man in the winds of God; the courage and skill with which the mind of a man could dare to embark from some safe port of tradition, over unknown seas, to the discovery of new continents of truth.

This power of the imagination, gives us the clue to his greatness. For Horace Bushnell was a great character. A man is truly great when he can attain and achieve full citizenship in both the particular and the universal. To be great, a man must be rooted and grounded in his particular world of fact. To be great, a man must also be able to rise as on wings, renewing his mighty youth, possessing the winds of truth, into the universal, the comprehensive and inclusive until he partakes in some fullness of all place, all people, and all time. In these two worlds, the particular and the universal, he must win his citizenship. He belongs to his age, and he belongs to all the ages. Horace Bushnell gave a felicitous consummation to a citizenship in his particular world. Born in a Homespun age, nurtured in an ethical and social world, as clean and clear as the springs in Litchfield hills, never was there a man more at home in his particular world of fact than he was in that world of Litchfield, Yale and Hartford, from 1802 to 1876. Yet, by virtue of his imagination, the moving genius of his life, he rose through, in, and from these local habitations, to a world of spirit, and ideas, and thoughts, and dreams, and visions, which is of the nature of the universal, and which abideth forever, where he lives now with us and with ours, a living and life-giving spirit.

Let us, then, praise famous men, for of such is the true commonwealth, where no race, no time, no land divides, and where the truth unites. Let us praise famous men who found in their own time, their own land, their own people, the very place from whose vantage and divinity they could move the world. Let us praise famous men because they found to their glory and to our good, how to give to the home of man the substance of a mansion made by God.

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